

Week ending May 9 1953
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL



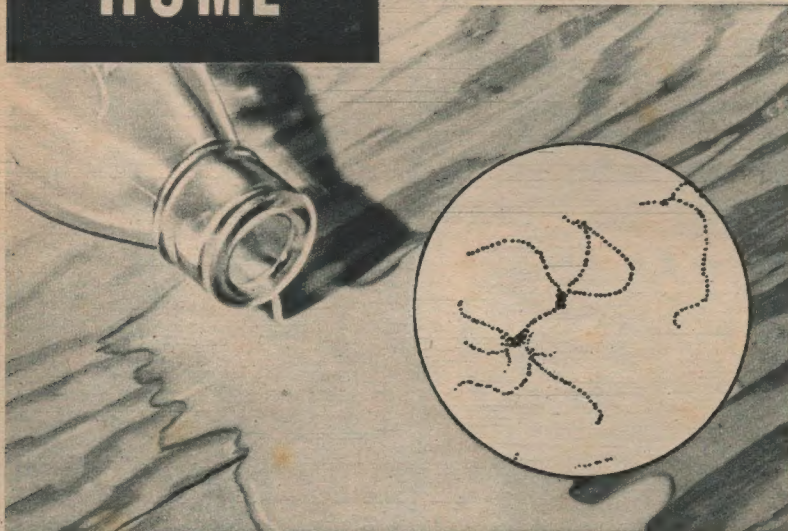
Beginning a brilliant new novel
that crackles with excitement

THE MARAS AFFAIR by **ELIOT REED**

LIFEGUARD GUIDE TO HYGIENE IN THE HOME

Practical hints that will help you to keep your home infection-free

Every sensible housewife realises the daily danger of germs. You cannot keep them out of your house but you can kill them as they come in. Modern science is here to help you. Lifeguard, the safe, strong disinfectant and antiseptic, is your best weapon in germ warfare. Get a bottle today. Lifeguard is your safeguard. It is vital in your home.



CRY DANGER OVER SPILT MILK

Milk provides the perfect culture for growing germs, as any doctor will tell you. That is why all dairy utensils must be scalded, or the milk turns sour. Milk spilt on a wooden table can seep between the cracks and grow whole colonies of germs unless you wipe them out at once. Wash down all surfaces on which you prepare food, with diluted Lifeguard, at least once every day.



COLONIES THAT MENACE THE WORLD

In these petri dishes two of the most prevalent sources of infection, Streptococci and Staphylococci are being cultivated. This is part of the work of medical research in fighting disease. The germs are easy to grow. A handkerchief is almost as good as a culture pan. That is why you should wash all handkerchiefs in a strong solution of Lifeguard which is deadly to these common bacteria.



WHO'S AFRAID OF MICE?

Every housewife ought to be, because mice are carriers of coli-typhoid bacteria. A cat or trap will take care of the mice but not the unseen germs they leave behind. That is why it is wise to wash your larder, cupboards and floors with water containing Lifeguard.



HIS MAJESTY

In any home where there is a baby special precautions are necessary to ensure that he doesn't contract illnesses from germs and spread them to other members of the family. Bottle, playthings, nappies should all be washed in water containing Lifeguard. A sure way of being certain baby keeps well.



TEST ITS FRAGRANCE

Try the smell of Lifeguard Disinfectant in the shop. You'll find it very pleasant indeed. It gives your home a clean freshness without being too overwhelmingly medical.

NO GERMS
TODAY THANK YOU!



LIFEGUARD
THE SUPREME DISINFECTANT

Our jets

BRITAIN is well ahead at the moment in jet planes, but can we keep the lead? Sir Miles Thomas, chairman of B.O.A.C., says: "The establishment of a global network of jet-propelled services can ensure that no place on earth will be more than twenty-four hours' travelling from any other point. This will be made possible by the vigour and vision of our British aircraft manufacturing industry."

ALREADY B.O.A.C. have eight Comets in operation. Delivery of Comet IIs to Brazil starts next year, when a B.O.A.C. jet service to South America will also open.

Vickers Viscounts, with the turbo-prop type of jet engine, are on the European routes to the Eastern Mediterranean and will soon be going to Copenhagen

and Stockholm as well. More Viscounts are on the way, together with twenty-six Bristol Britannia jets for B.O.A.C.

But until the American Boeing "Jetliner X" is ready in 1954, the U.S. Civil Aeronautics Administration is reluctant to allow the Comet freedom of the American air lanes.

By then the prototype of the super Comet III will be ready. And the fight for supremacy in the peaceful skies of the world will begin in earnest.



SIR MILES THOMAS
Vigour and vision

In 1957 Vickers will have their jet VC-7 in production, but farther than that the aircraft industry will not forecast. It will all depend on production.

But we are desperately short of technicians.

MR. WALTER C. PUCKEY, deputy controller of aircraft production at the Ministry of Supply, estimates that industry generally needs 1,100 new production engineers every year. Last year only four hundred qualified.

"Our great research efforts are in danger of falling down in practice," says Mr. Puckey. "More young men must be encouraged to go into the hurly-burly of the factory instead of the backroom jobs. Too few technical colleges offer courses in production engineering. Yet this is potentially one of the most important and best-paid jobs in industry."

Britain's inspired designers can do nothing without the support of production engineers, jig and tool draughtsmen and makers.

THIS is in the first place a call to our skilful young men. But the aircraft industry must train them and make their life attractive.

Great Britain has the lead in the new world of the sky and must keep it.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

AR. THOMSON has often seen abstract painters at work on the old masters in Paris, but not, until recently, in London's National Gallery. By contrast with the modern artist's impersonal interpretation of Rubens's *Rape of the Daughters of Leucippus* was the young man's embarrassment at the *Judgment of Paris*. But it was the girl's intriguing blend of kindness, good humour and affection which really "made" the picture for Thomson.



Today women choose Prom the new TROUBLE-FREE home perm



**NO NEUTRALIZER
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fail-proof perm

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When she takes her hair off the curlers she finds the strong, springy curls which gives her glorious, natural fail-proof waves.

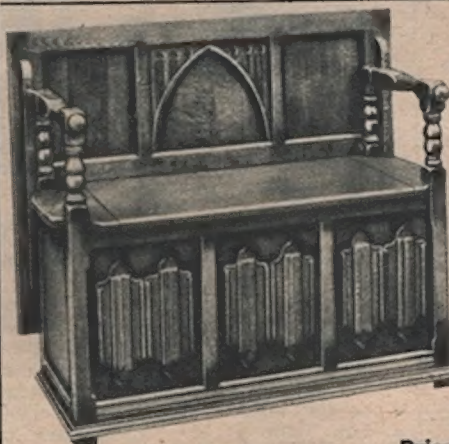
Here's the secret. No neutralizer needed. No time-checks. No anxiety. Just curl up your hair with trouble-free PROM. After 30 minutes one pleasant warm water rinse, then leave your hair drying naturally on the curlers. (Overnight if you prefer.) It's very simple. When your hair comes off the curlers, those springy curls show it's a success. The most glorious perm you ever had!



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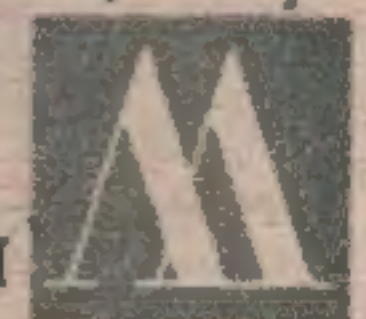
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THE SPY BOY

Problem of a daughter's career



WHEN my daughter was born, I resolved that she should have every opportunity to rise to dizzy heights. I sat and darned socks as she practised at the ballet school. I shivered at the rink-side while she perfected her parts in school plays. My daughter has had microscopes, beakers and bunsen burners for her home laboratory. She has passed elocution and music examinations. Now, at school-leaving time, she hasn't the faintest idea what she wants to do. How can a harassed parent help a child to decide on a career?—Mrs. F. R., Porthill, Stoke-on-Trent.

Paris In The Spring

HOLIDAYING in Paris this Easter, I visited a famous hotel in a cathedral city about eighty miles away. My friend and I decided to have a really good lunch—and the bill was about £2 10s. I paid with a 5,000 franc note (about £5), and it was not until I got back to Paris that I noticed I had received the wrong change. I was £2 short. I wrote to the hotel proprietor, explaining the circumstances; by return of post came an apology— and the rest of my change.—M. E. S., Taunton, Somerset.

Several English school parties visiting Paris at Easter were presented with specially designed, inflatable kites to fly on Coronation Day as a symbol of French friendship. Each one bears the colours of Paris. We shall certainly launch ours. —P. W. BERRIE, Wroughton Secondary Modern School, Swindon, Wiltshire.

Titled Twist

BROWSING in my public library on Saturday afternoon, I often wonder why there is no standard in book printing to determine how the title should appear on the back. When the title is printed sideways, it should always read from top to bottom. At present, every other title seems to be upside down—as the creak in my neck testifies.—Mrs. M. S. PACHE, Beulah Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey.

Poor Record

PARENTS aren't interested in their children once they have failed to pass the grammar school entrance exam, claimed a cynical teaching colleague of mine. Trying to prove this, I kept a record of parents visiting me at this large secondary modern school. But the result shows how right he is. This is how the visits were made up: requests for me to witness various documents—14; requests for testimonials—10; complaints about lost clothing—6; complaints that I am too severe—4; enough—4; genuine attempts to get



advice on careers for the children—2. Yet the boy or girl who fails to reach grammar school needs just as much parental interest, and is just as valuable to the community. —L. E. TUTT, New Barnet, Hertfordshire.

Honeymoon Mystery

STUDYING old beekeeping lore and customs, I have failed to find a satisfactory explanation of the origin of the term "honeymoon." The Welsh have a similar term, "mis mel"—meaning "honey month." —J. E. JONES, Pwllheli, Caernarvonshire.

The word is derived from an ancient Scandinavian custom of feasting for a month after the wedding. The guests at the celebration drank mead—which is made from fermented honey.

Disabled But Safer

MY firm acts for many disabled drivers, and I can assure Mr. Roberts ("Free Speech," April 18) that he need not pay part of an insurance claim simply because he is disabled. We hold complete records going back many years. As a whole, the driving record of the disabled man is far better, from the claims point of view, than many able-bodied drivers. —E. R. RUSSELL STARR, Albemarle Street, London, W.1.

Native Custom

SOME years ago, I spent some time on the various islands off the north coast of Australia, and I can confirm many of the strange customs described by Alfred Vogel in his series, "Forgotten People." On one of the smaller islands in the New Hebrides, a trader told me how he had rescued a girl who had been buried up to her neck by her parents. This was her punishment for running away from her husband, to whom she had been sold for pigs and poultry. To the trader's annoyance, the girl attached herself to him, and refused to leave. —L. C. B., Sussex.

The final instalment of "Forgotten People" begins on page 20. Alfred Vogel's book—fully illustrated—will be published on June 26 by Arthur Barker, Ltd., under the title "Papuan and Pygmies."

Home From Home

HERE, in this beautiful city at the foot of the Rockies, I like to think of my little store as an outpost of Britain. Sometimes a cowboy in typical Western attire will look in the shop window and start with surprise when he sees British chocolate, jams and biscuits. Then he comes in and begins a conversation in a broad Tyneside, Scottish, or

Lancashire accent. I have met many British "exiles" in this way; they enjoy talking to someone from home. —Mrs. BEATRICE NEEDLER, Dexter Street, Denver, Colorado, U.S.A.

Mrs. Dale's Outing

JOHN BULL's article on Mrs. Dale's *Diary* (April 11) reminded me of an incident at our church sisterhood's annual outing. The women scrambled for seats in the first two coaches—and when I realized it was because there wasn't a radio in the third, I wondered how a radio could compete with a coachful of chattering women. But, later in the afternoon, one of the party called out: "Now, girls, Mrs. Dale's coming on. Let's have quiet." There was a welcome calm for a quarter of an hour. When the programme was over, the serial was the main topic of conversation. —GEORGINA WOODHOUSE, Sunderland, Co. Durham.

Don Everitt is evidently no fan of Mrs. Dale's *Diary*. In his article he mentioned that Poppy had broken off her engagement to Bob. But it wasn't Poppy—it was a widow named Vicky Clare.—Mrs. M. MASON, Preston Circus, Brighton, Sussex.

Poppy—who works as a model—has never been engaged to Bob. So far, he has evaded her advances.

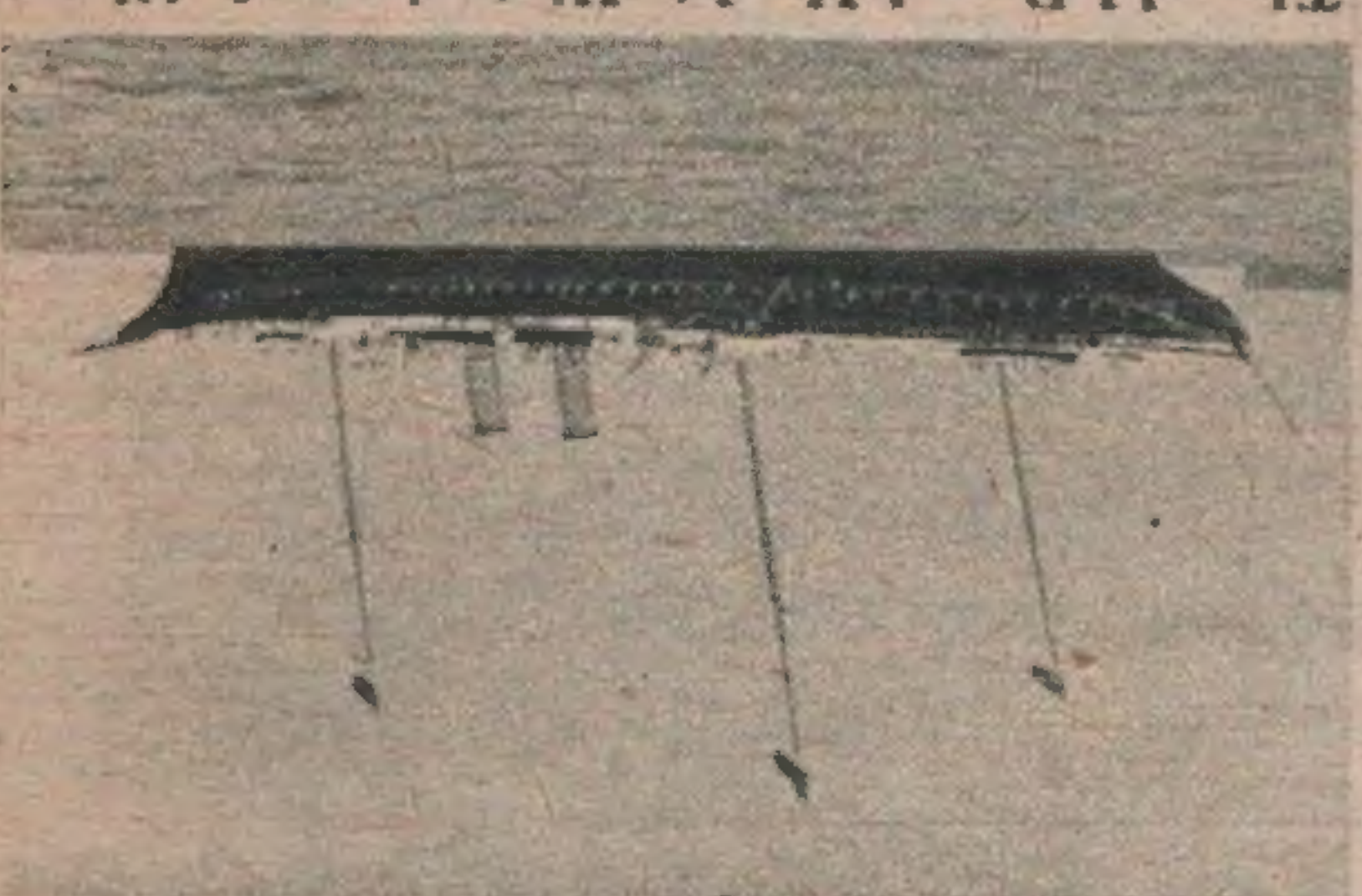
Funds Well Earned

IN her serial, "After The Funeral," in JOHN BULL for April 11, Agatha Christie referred to Girl Guides or Boy Scouts asking for subscriptions. Members of the scout and guide movements are obliged to observe a rule which bars them from collecting for their own funds or those of any institution or charity. The spirit is that money should be earned—hence the "Bob-a-Job Week." —EDWARD G. W. WOOD, Boy Scouts Association, London, S.W.1.

"I am sorry about the reference to the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides," says Agatha Christie. "Certainly no slight was intended. I have the highest regard for both these excellent organizations."

Royal Yacht Retires

THE Queen has named and launched the new Royal Yacht—but what has happened to the old Victoria and Albert? Many will remember her



The old Royal Yacht, Victoria and Albert, launched in 1899, is still at Portsmouth, as the headquarters of the Flag Officer, Royal Yachts. The ship's future is undecided, although in 1947 it was suggested that she should be used as a Royal houseboat at Portsmouth.

The Victoria and Albert, launched in 1899, is still at Portsmouth, as the headquarters of the Flag Officer, Royal Yachts. The ship's future is undecided, although in 1947 it was suggested that she should be used as a Royal houseboat at Portsmouth.



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Bags of Commonsense You'll be particularly pleased with the dust-bag of your G.E.C. It is made of closely woven material which is absolutely dust-proof; and has an extra wide opening to make emptying easy.

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Beware of NERVOUS INDIGESTION

When your stomach is out of order, be quite sure of the cause before you start taking remedies. Work and worry often cause a lot of nervous indigestion, and the only way to end this is to rebuild and restore your nerves.

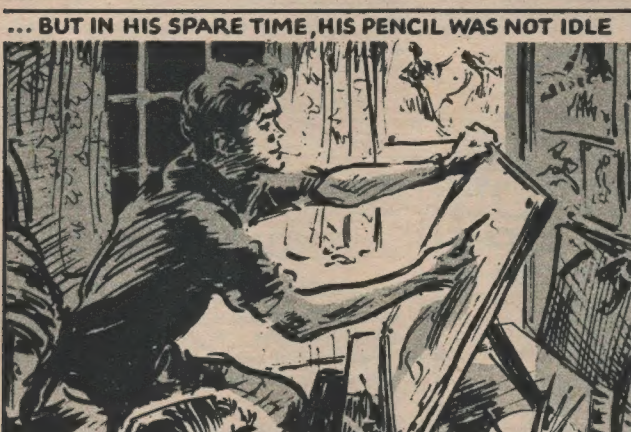
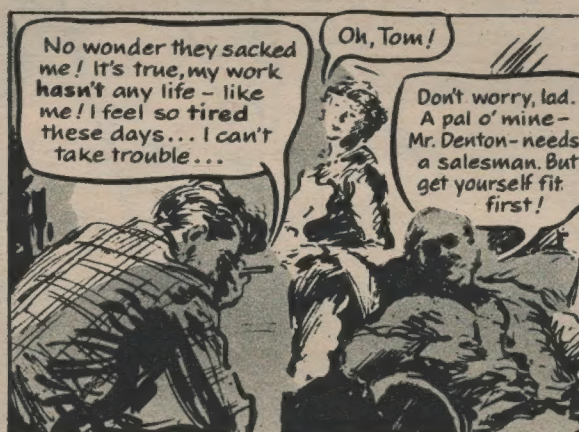
Unless your diet contains enough Vitamin B your digestion will suffer; you will become head-achy, irritable, sleep badly, and show all the signs of a nervous collapse.

Make sure you get enough Vitamin B. Take Phillips Tonic Yeast tablets with your meals. Yeast is the richest natural source of all the B vitamins and Phillips Tonic Yeast is pure yeast in concentrated form.

Start taking Phillips Tonic Yeast to-day. You will sleep better, be less easily upset, less worried and depressed, and your digestion will improve. But be sure to ask for 'Phillips' Tonic Yeast. It is the finest yeast with all its cells intact and without any drugs or harmful ingredients. At all chemists, 1/6, 3/6 and 5/9.



"IT'S YOUR LIFE, TOM"



"IF ONLY I COULD HAVE SEEN MYSELF SLEEPING!"

"Of course you'd think everything goes blank when you're asleep," the doctor said, "but it doesn't. People can be tense even when they're unconscious. You can see it on their faces too - unquiet and anxious, when they *should* be calm and relaxed."

"He told me that sleep like that didn't do a proper job. One needed relaxed, 'happy' sleep."

"And he went on to explain how Horlicks helps you *in* relax-

ation, by combating disturbing stimuli in the bloodstream and digestive system. Certainly when I began having Horlicks at night I soon found I woke up really restored and ready to tackle anything that came my way."

HORLICKS RESTORES YOU BY NIGHT



Burton called out to the girl. He saw her turn towards him, hesitating, then a hand shot out from the car and grabbed her arm. He ran forward

BEGINNING AN EXCITING NEW NOVEL—THE FANTASTIC STORY OF

The Maras Affair

by **ELIOT REED**

SOKOLNY came into the office quite excited about a new scheme for an escape across the frontier. He extolled it like a carpet salesman. It would be a big story; something to make a sensation.

No, it was not merely the seizure of another aeroplane. That, as everyone knew, was becoming difficult as well as hackneyed. As for those poor dolts who gambled against the mines between the zones of barbed wire, the statistics alone were enough! Not two in ten got through. Perhaps not one in ten. Nowadays, the job needed daring, imagination, careful preparation. No wonder the

price was going up. It took all of fifteen hundred dollars to get you out of the country today. Now, this story he was hoping to get would show that. . . .

Burton listened without interest. At that time it was nothing that concerned him personally, nor could he see that it would ever concern him. If it came off, it would be just another news story for the censor to kill. The sensation, if any, would be worked up by some news man beyond the corridor of mines and watchtowers.

He interrupted Sokolny. "You'd better go

along to the Trade Ministry. There's a statement to pick up. Give it to Anna if I'm not in."

Sokolny shrugged. Burton was a little worried. He didn't like Sokolny and his confidential reports. They were dangerous; especially to the man himself. Unless, of course, he invented them to justify the continuance of his retainer. It was also possible that he was simply a spy, put in by the régime to test and report the doings of the *Star-Dispatch* office. Foreign correspondents were always suspect.

Burton saw the door of the outer office close slowly behind Sokolny. He walked to the

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

window and looked out. The prospect was one of fine streets, of noble buildings and pleasant gardens, but what he saw with his mind's eye was a pattern of intrigue and fear, of treachery and of shifting loyalties that formed and broke up and formed again beneath the surface of imposed order.

More than ever, Sokolny seemed part of the pattern. A nervous, irresolute man with big dark eyes in a pale wedge of a face, who could never stand long on two feet but was always shifting his weight from one foot to the other. There was not much weight to shift. The worn suit flapped on his thin frame; the collar of his shirt seemed always a size too large.

Burton had wanted to get rid of him at the start, but his predecessor had advised strongly against it. "Sokolny's useful. I've got him well trained. More important, you can trust him. You'll learn what that means before you're much older. Unless you're just going to sit back and take the official hand-outs, you're going to have plenty of trouble coming."

Not an entirely reliable witness, Don Glover; and not, perhaps, a very good judge of men like Stephan Sokolny. Don had got himself in trouble in no time, and the *Star-Dispatch* had been forced to haul him out. But part of his testimony had been sound. Burton had soon been up against the trouble.

There were long arguments with the censorship about fatuous details. Every kind of obstruction was put in his way. The officials were pleasant people, most affable. They told you funny stories even while they killed your copy.

FOLLOWING one specially fantastic episode, Burton had written to his London office that he was wasting his time and their money; but nothing had come of it then. Spring had arrived and the Dreva had continued to flow under the ten bridges. Months later, he had turned down the offer of a job in Vienna.

Now, when he recalled that decision, he looked towards Anna Maras, who was working through the files of foreign language newspapers.

Vehemently, he tried to deny that he was hanging on to the job because of Anna Maras. He assured himself that the reason was very different. It was the newspaperman's sense of something impending, and it had grown on him more and more throughout the summer.

If he worried about Anna Maras it was because he felt responsible for her in a vague way. A thought would come nagging about the girl who had worked for another foreign correspondent, Frank Murch. What had happened to her? A reward? A punishment? All he knew was that she had dropped out of sight, and, in the international hullabaloo over Murch's deportation, no one had bothered to inquire about her.

Appointments had to be vetted, of course, and no doubt these girls were loyal servants of the régime. If they accepted an invitation to dine or to go to the opera or ballet with you in their spare time, it was probably with the approval of the responsible bureau. One had to be thankful that the responsible bureau had the good taste to pick someone as lovely as Anna.

Thankful for one so disturbing?

Burton scowled at his desk. There had been an incident; a playful embrace in parting one night after one of those social occasions. At least, he had intended it to be playful. It was in a light mood, a gesture of affection, but, at the moment of touch, there was a swift change in the girl. She had drawn back, startled, then reached towards him and held him.

On the way back to his hotel he had thought bitterly that this sort of thing was possibly within her brief; she would have him tied up, just where she wanted him.

But Anna, the next morning, had given no sign of any change in their relations. Her behaviour had been fastidiously correct, and so it had continued in the days that followed. Away from the office she'd sometimes relax

a little, but at the first sign of an advance from him, she would retreat.

The phone bell rang, drawing his glance back to the outer office. He had a glimpse of the girl's fine profile in the afternoon sunlight when she turned to reach for the receiver. She spoke a few sentences and her voice became tense.

"For you," she said. "The Police Judiciary."

"Mr. Charles Burton?" The official at the Judiciary was very polite. It was desired that Mr. Burton should attend at a particular office; a mere formality connected with the representation of the *Star-Dispatch*. If Mr. Burton would name an agreeable hour, every endeavour would be made to meet his convenience.

Burton said: "I'll come right away. Will that be agreeable?"

When he put the receiver down, Anna Maras was standing beside him.

"Whom must you see?" she asked.

"Fellow named Sesnik. Know him?"

"Yes."

He heard fear in her voice. "Look, Anna, what is this? What have you got to be frightened about?"

"Nothing." She turned away, hesitated, came

NEVIL SHUTE



IN THE WET

by NEVIL SHUTE

The book all Britain is talking about is coming to JOHN BULL

FURTHER DETAILS NEXT WEEK

back. "If it's about Pero Trovic, please be careful. Say nothing of Sokolny."

"What do you know of Pero Trovic?"

Something made it hard for her to speak.

"I know," she said at last; but that was all.

SESNIK reached across the wide top of his desk with a photograph in his podgy hand. It was a bromide repro. of a pensive young man, chin resting on hand, forefinger laid along a lean cheek. An amateur poet with money, or the juvenile lead in a comedy by Turgenev. An inescapable suggestion of ham in the pose swung the odds in favour of the actor.

"You know him?" Sesnik asked hopefully.

"You are not sure, perhaps? Look again."

Burton squinted, half-closing his eyes. Then he had it. The actor took on a new make-up. The face became strained and lined and the hair was an untrimmed mass. Instead of smugness, the eyes had a hunted look.

Sesnik had the reedy voice of a persuasive bassoon. "The photograph is six years old. He has since grown a moustache. A little moustache."

"Yes, of course," Burton agreed. "His name is Pero Trovic. He does a bit of work for us now

and then. I don't know much about him. Haven't been here long enough. Surely he's not in any trouble?"

The official shifted his corpulent body within the tight compass of a revolving armchair.

"He does a bit of work for you," he repeated speculatively. "Now and then?" The round moon face with the small eyes, button nose and the gentle, comical mouth came nearer as he leaned over the blotter. "Eight days ago he applied to the Propaganda Ministry for a permit to visit the village of Kazyos. The application had your endorsement."

"Yes. There's nothing wrong with that. It was suggested that he should get a story on the resumption of the Horse Fair."

"This is very flattering," Sesnik's smile suggested a great breadth of geniality. "The London *Star-Dispatch* is interested in the disposal of ten spavined cart-horses in a squalid mountain village?"

BURTON protested that Mr. Sesnik was being a little too modest. The fair at Kazyos was traditional, famed in song and story. The colour, the customs, the history of it might make an excellent feature article.

Sesnik watched him, smiling. "I see. Who suggested this journalistic enterprise? Was it Trovic himself?"

"Yes, it was."

"So! . . . Are you aware how far Kazyos is from the frontier?"

"I don't see what that has to do with it."

"You travelled people never know your geography. Have you received your story from Trovic?"

Burton made a gesture of impatience. "The fair began yesterday. I don't expect anything till next week."

Sesnik's moon face was solemn as he shook his head slowly. "If you did not expect anything till next year, you would still be disappointed. Trovic crossed the frontier two days ago. He was, perhaps, a good news-gatherer. He must have learned a lot in a short time about the mined area and the barbed wire. I do not question your good faith, Mr. Burton, but I have to impress it upon you that a dangerous criminal has made use of you."

Burton frowned. "Why wasn't I warned about him in time? You must have known he was on our books."

"Regard me, please, Mr. Burton." Sesnik's appeal had an almost boyish candour. "I am a man, like yourself. Perhaps I have not the astuteness of a British correspondent. I learn more and more as the days pass, but omniscience is beyond me." He picked up the bromide repro. from the desk. "This handsome young man once acted at our National Theatre under the name of Andreas Nimsky. How often, since your arrival among us, have you used him on your newspaper assignments?"

"This was the first time. I merely took him over from my colleague, Don Glover."

"How frequently did Mr. Glover employ him?"

"I can't tell you offhand. I'll have to look it up."

"Yes, Mr. Burton, look it up." Sesnik turned towards a wall calendar for a moment, then came full face again. "You employ a man named Sokolny. A satisfactory man, I believe?"

"Very satisfactory."

"And Miss Maras. A charming girl. Brilliant career at our university, such as it is. I have a deep regard for Anna Maras. Socially, I mean. I might claim to have helped her a little. I knew her mother. A witty Frenchwoman. Charming. There are associations with your country, by the way. One of Anna's aunts married into a British family. She's very interested in England. Between you and me, she always wanted a job with a British newspaper. That's where I stepped in." Sesnik smiled. "You understand, don't you, that this has nothing



Sokolny was drunk, and it was Sesnik who had made him drunk. Burton cut through the bland explanations. "I'll take over from here," he snapped

to do officially with the Police Judiciary?" "I understand that the usual procedure was followed."

"But my part in it was purely personal, as a friend of the family." Sesnik hauled himself up from his chair and waddled round the great desk. "Well, my dear sir, I am most happy to know you. If you wish for anything, I shall always be at your service."

ANNA MARAS had gone for the day. It was still early, and Burton wondered if she had wished to evade any questions he might bring back from the Police Judiciary. A note in her hand told him that Sokolny, too, had departed. "He was feeling bad with his teeth, and will see a dentist in the morning. I have taken the trade report with me. Here is digest of an important item. Nothing else. I wish to see Babette, so have hurried.—A. M."

It was feasible. Her friend Babette Trepleva, subject to the stern regimen of the ballet dancer, would have to be early at the Opera House.

He looked at the important item and decided that it wasn't worth cabling. He opened the book in which outside assignments were recorded for expense account purposes, and the first name he saw was Trovic's, in Glover's untidy scrawl.

Over a period of two years, Trovic had been paid for six articles, all of them on village or pastoral subjects.

When Burton finished for the day, he left the list in the outer office for Anna Maras to type.

Next morning a batch of mail kept him busy, and it was not until the girl brought him the

list that he gave another thought to the Trovic affair. It was tiresome, but quite unimportant. He grinned, recalling again the comical figure of Mr. Sesnik. The girl's eyes were grave.

"What did he have to say to you?" she asked.

"Only that you have an aunt in England," Burton answered. "You didn't mention that Sesnik was a friend of the family."

"I beg you not to make such jokes. Please tell me what he said about Trovic."

"He won't be doing any more work for us."

She jerked back as if from a sudden pain and he stared at her coldly.

"He's not dead, if that's what you're worried about," he said. "He's safe. Out of it. He got across the frontier near Kazyos. He didn't wait to cover the horse fair."

It took her a while to grasp this information. Then she turned away quickly to the window.

Burton got up and went to her. "I want to know why you asked me to keep Sokolny out of it."

"Because he's so helpless. It's not good to get him involved in anything."

"Then you knew that something was going on?" He waited. "Answer me, Anna!"

"I knew that Trovic was in trouble."

"And you didn't think it necessary to warn me?"

"Please." She turned to him and he saw her anxious eyes. "I wasn't here when Sokolny brought him in. I did not know him by the name of Trovic."

"Has he got many other names?"

"We have come through hard times." She

kept her face resolutely towards the window. "There have been changes. The wind shifts, and you have to have courage to stand against it."

"Do you stand against it?"

"I love my country. I am your servant. If you think I am not loyal to you, you must let me go." She turned from him and began to walk away. Quickly, he caught her arm.

"Forget it," he said, and smiled. "How was your friend Babette last night?"

"Very well, thank you. She is dancing in *Swan Lake* tonight. Vera Kurtz has hurt a knee and Radkina is ill. It is Babette's great chance." Excitement over her friend's good fortune broke down her solemnity. "The news came last night. A friend is trying to get me a seat, but it is difficult. If I leave early again, I can make up for it tomorrow."

"Yes, you can do that."

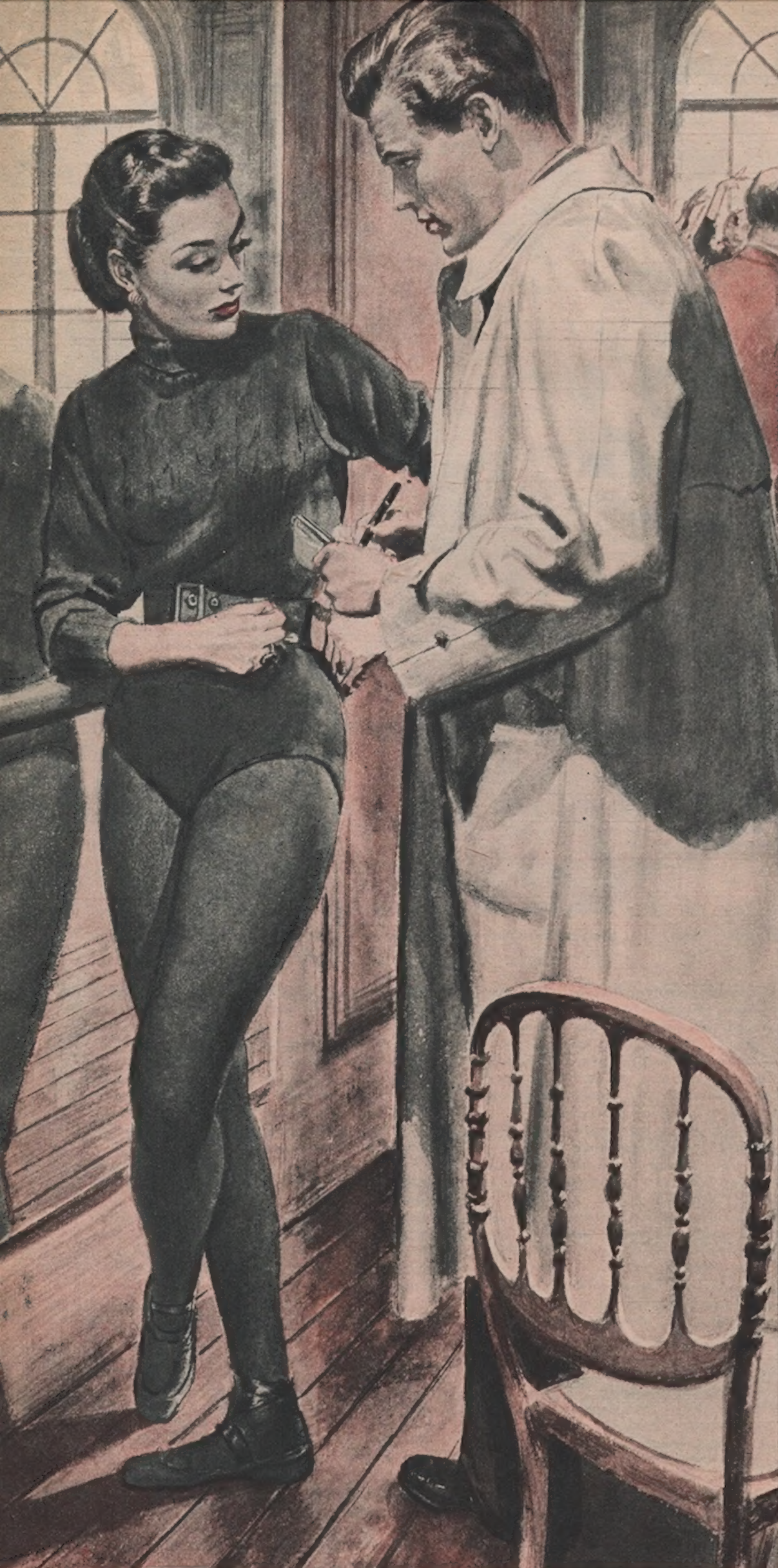
She went out. Burton closed the door and telephoned an official at the Propaganda Ministry for ballet tickets.

"Tonight, I regret, it is impossible," the official said. "The house is sold out for Kurtz, though she will not be dancing. You should have given me a few days' notice, Mr. Burton."

WHEN Burton returned from lunch it was late in the afternoon. Anna motioned towards the closed door of his room and shaped two syllables with her lips. Sesnik.

She whispered: "He came a half-hour ago and insisted on waiting in your room. I didn't know where to reach you."

"It's all right," Burton assured her. "I



should have sent him the Trovic list. I forgot about it. Don't worry."

"There is something else. A messenger brought the article on the Kazyos Fair."

"What!" His voice rose involuntarily. "Trovic's article?"

"It is not yet translated." She glanced with increased apprehension towards the closed door. "That man must not know."

"We'll see."

She brought him a thin fold of quarto sheets. He thrust the sheets into the breast pocket of his jacket and opened the door of his room.

Sesnik turned from the window, swivelling awkwardly on the soles of his radiant shoes. "I hope you will forgive this intrusion," he smiled. "I was passing your doorway and I thought I would step in."

"I suppose you've come about the Trovic assignments?" Burton said stiffly. "Here is the list."

He found the sheet on his desk and handed it over. Sesnik sat down and examined it carefully; seemed to read it twice, and then a third time.

"This is very interesting." The small eyes in the moon face gazed probingly at Burton. "Very interesting indeed. I wonder if you realize, my dear friend, what you have placed in my hands."

Burton's blank face masked his concern. "I'm afraid I don't know what you're talking about."

"I will show you. A sheet of paper, if you please." Sesnik's podgy finger uncapped a fountain pen. He reached for the paper and drew an indented line upon it with a nice precision.

"Perhaps the details are not exact," he said, "but this is intended to be our western frontier from the Carpathians to the Dreva. Now here is Kazyos." He placed a dot near one of the indentations, then added other dots to the map, naming them as he did so. "Murnitz, Kars, Jyssic, Trody, Kleeback, Prebl. Each place, you see, is quite close to the frontier, and each place has been the scene of an escape."

"What about it?"

"Each place has also been the background of a little journalistic excursion for Trovic. A remarkable series of coincidences, don't you think?" He gazed at Burton. Burton gazed back, speechless.

"I would like," Sesnik said abruptly, "to meet your Mr. Sokolny."

"He hasn't appeared today. I think he's having some teeth out."

"Well, I will see him another time."

SESNIK wrenched himself from the arms of the chair and got to his feet with grunting noises. "You need not fear that I will be harsh with him. I have suffered from teeth myself."

He fumbled in his breast pocket.

"It occurs to me," he went on, "that you may be interested in the ballet. It is quite one of our most promising cultural institutions. Not comparable, of course, to Moscow or Leningrad, but the best, I daresay, among the newer of the free democracies. I had tickets . . . ah, yes, here they are. Will you please accept them with my compliments? For tonight, I'm afraid. I'm sorry the notice is so short. If you are unable to use them, perhaps you have a friend."

Another coincidence? But nothing could be more innocent of guile than the moon face of Mr. Sesnik.

"You mustn't deprive yourself."

"Please, no inconvenience," Sesnik begged. "I will say a word or two to Anna on my way out."

And then he had gone. Burton waited a few minutes, and then took the Kazyos story from his pocket, put a match to it, carried the blazing sheets to the grate. When he turned, Anna Maras was standing in the doorway, watching him.

She said: "Sokolny came in. He was

Continued on page 31

Left alone with Babette, Burton seized his chance. "What has happened to Anna?" he whispered



The pile of photographs shrinks as the crowd of fans grows. Attenborough is really disappointed when—as at Lambeth—his admirers are kept away

Richard Attenborough learns to love his fans

by CHARLES HAMBLETT

Personal publicity—and the “eyes and teeth” technique—are all part of his £300 a week business of being a famous star

SOME WEEKS AGO, Audrey Cameron, a B.B.C. producer, walked into Richard Attenborough's dressing-room in the Ambassadors Theatre, London. After complimenting him on his performance that night in Agatha Christie's play, *The Mouse-trap*, she handed him a battered copy of an early Christie novel, *Partners In Crime*, saying: “I'd like you to read this, and let me know if you and Sheila are interested in a radio serialization.”

The twenty-nine year old actor and his wife, Sheila Sim, read the book and cautiously agreed that it “had possibilities.” The B.B.C. then

pressed the Attenboroughs to sign a contract for twelve recordings. They refused to sign anything. “Not until we have seen the script,” Miss Sim said. “And approved it,” her husband added.

Both were afraid of re-encountering the mishaps that had marred an earlier series, a pot-pourri of songs, gags and melodrama called *The Silver Tree*, which they contracted to do after verbal assurances that the show would make radio history. It did—as a flop.

Having anticipated a weekly four-figure budget for *The Silver Tree*, the producer was granted only a few hundreds. A promised forty-piece

orchestra materialized as an octette. Instead of a weekly guest cabaret star, the B.B.C. settled for a hard-worked resident comedian. So exasperated were the Attenboroughs that, in the words of a friend, “they almost shed tears.”

Richard Samuel Attenborough, known for his versatility as a showman, has learned several tricks of his trade during the past ten years. He has been able to learn from masters in what he calls “the rat race of entertainment.”

When he was about to take his first film test, the man who was to judge his efforts approached him with a friendly smile and said: “You are Richard Attenborough. You wouldn't know me—I'm Noël Coward.” The nervous young candidate for a minor part in *In Which We Serve* felt a resurgence of confidence, passed the test, and quietly noted the tonic impact on others of modesty—even of mock-modesty.

The technique now accumulates goodwill for him with almost effortless perfection. One morning last November, eight overalled charwomen, clutching mops and pails like raw recruits, were paraded in the foyer of a Newcastle upon Tyne cinema. Nervously they eyed the door as Attenborough arrived to present a “good housekeeping certificate” to cleaners at the area's “best kept cinema.”

Noticing the tension, Attenborough took a bucket and mimed through a hilarious parody of charring. By the time he got round to shaking hands and posing for local press photographers, everyone was relaxed and on first-name terms with him. The next day he spent the afternoon giving what friends call “the eyes and teeth treatment” to five hundred local factory girls.

It all started quite differently. Just over ten years ago the late James Agate attended the first night of *Brighton Rock*. So impressed was the veteran critic with Attenborough's acting as



Sheila, Richard, and three-year-old Michael at their Richmond home. They regard intrusion in their private lives as a sign of success

Pinkie, the young thug, that he went backstage to congratulate him. He said: "Young man, I am not in the habit of visiting actors in their dressing-rooms, but I have come to warn you that you are in serious danger of becoming a great actor. Good night."

Attenborough admits that he has, to date, avoided this danger. "I am not a great actor in the sense that Gielgud and Olivier are great," he says. "I can never be a stock juvenile, either. I'm too short [5 ft. 7½ in.] and too light [10 st. 9 lb.] for dashing, romantic parts. I know my limits, and my whole joy lies in portraying people whom I have known and lived among, and whom I understand."

By keeping well within the recognized limits, Attenborough has managed to survive most of the occupational hazards. "His natural liking for radio work is sweetened by the knowledge that it keeps him in touch with his public during long gaps between filming," says a friend. "He works hard at chores which other actors might consider beneath their dignity. As much care and thought is given to what he will say at a bazaar opening as to a tricky stage part. Hours are spent in polishing what later seems an impromptu speech—down to the deliberate hesitations and slips."

Chelsea's Rough Training

Where other actors strive to play Hamlet, Attenborough is not afraid of playing the clown. When, shortly after the war, the Boultings decided to make his name widely known, he willingly submitted to the indignities of an intensive publicity campaign.

His now genuine enjoyment of soccer originated as a publicity stunt. John and Roy Boulting, the twin film producers to whom the Attenboroughs are under long-term contract, decided that Richard needed exercise. Tommy Lawton and other Chelsea team members agreed to accept the young actor for occasional training workouts. Then the studio publicity machine got to work. Soon photographs appeared showing a puny Richard Attenborough, with hair grown long for a costume part, ostensibly training with the soccer stars.

"The boys decided to give me the works," he

grins. "They soaked me with water. They biffed me about the pitch. They tripped me, tackled me, and tossed me in the air—and failed to catch me." He emerged from the roughing up in sufficiently good shape to accept the presidency of the Chelsea Supporters' Club.

During the heyday of personal appearances, London, being close to most stars' homes, became the favourite centre for the game of plugging their current films by making trite little speeches from the stage.

Attenborough's advisors, recognizing the danger of overselling to a jaded public, sent him and Sheila farther afield. No town seemed too remote for them to visit. The rewards, in terms of public esteem, were considerable.

Made Good As Disc Jockey

When a succession of bad film parts was followed by a stage flop, Attenborough decided to master the technique of radio work. Towards the end of 1949 he was invited to take over a record programme which had been conducted by Jack Jackson. It was also suggested that he should take over Jackson's noisy technique. Attenborough did not agree. For a while there was deadlock.

Then he persuaded the producers to let him make two test recordings. One was in Jackson's style, loud and brash and, the way Attenborough handled it, painful to hear. The other was quiet and intimate.

"You win," he was told. "Do it your way." A few shrewdly chosen discoveries—like squeaky-voiced "Chi-Chi Girl" Rose Murphy—quickly established him as a popular disc jockey.

The Attenboroughs first met as students at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. Sheila, the daughter of a bank manager, and Richard, the youngest son of the principal of Leicester University College, discovered that they had much in common. But it was not until they were cast as the twins in *Twelfth Night* for a students' tour of the provinces that they felt, as Sheila puts it, "the escape hatches closing down on us."

Their subsequently highly publicised domestic life has always fitted neatly into the Attenborough success formula. After Sheila gave birth to a son, Michael, now three years old, babies became brisk box office for them. A

play that had been abandoned on tour, and revived only to fill a suddenly vacant West End theatre, ran for more than a year; it was called *To Dorothy, A Son*. An unpretentious screen farce, *Father's Doing Fine*, in which Attenborough played an expectant father, did excellent business in many cinemas.

Public interest in their private affairs has sometimes been irksome. During her pregnancy, Sheila spent several weeks in the country with her parents-in-law. Attenborough attended several premières, always escorting a starlet assigned by the studios to fill Sheila's vacant seat and, more important, to catch the eyes of roving photographers. After one of these shows, an autograph hunter asked Attenborough what had happened to Sheila. On being told she was on holiday, the well-wisher, glaring at the star's glamorous companion muttered: "All right, I'll believe you this time. But don't start getting into any mischief."

Scores Of Party Invitations

The Attenboroughs remain doggedly compatible, realistically regarding intrusions on their spare time as the measure of their box office appeal. Old Friars, their fourteen-roomed home on Richmond Green, also houses their office. "After paying the deposit on a mortgage, three years ago," says Attenborough, "we were down to our last hundred pounds." Now they are a £300 a week box office attraction.

Next month's Coronation is presenting Richard Attenborough, the past-master of happy public relations, with a new set of problems. He has received well over a hundred invitations to attend Coronation street parties in the London suburbs. He hopes to visit a dozen of these gatherings, traffic conditions permitting. Only one fear haunts him—a repetition of his unhappiest personal appearance.

On arriving at Lambeth Town Hall to give the citizens the full benefit of the Attenborough "eyes and teeth treatment," he found the entrance deserted. Eventually a civic dignitary furtively approached him.

"Step inside," he whispered. "There's a small reception committee waiting. You'll be glad to know that you won't be bothered by any of those awful film fans. We haven't told anyone else you were coming." THE END

*Thrilling exploits of a British submarine in
the grimmest years of the war*

UNBROKEN

NEXT WEEK JOHN BULL begins publication of a story unrivalled in the history of the submarine service. It is called *Unbroken*, and is written by one of the Royal Navy's most daring commanders—Alastair Mars, D.S.O., D.S.C.

In early 1942, when Malta lay battered and besieged, Mars found himself commanding the tiny 600-ton *Unbroken*, the only British submarine in the western Mediterranean.

After an exciting escapade with secret agent Peter Churchill, Mars began a series of legendary patrols: the destruction of an Italian train from the sea, the landing of saboteurs and, most audacious feat of all, a lone attack on twelve enemy warships. In this sally, Mars crippled two cruisers with one torpedo salvo—a record that



One of the dramatic paintings by Edward Osmond which will illustrate "Unbroken"

stands to this day—and survived 105 depth charges in the relentless hunt that followed.

Unbroken is an outstanding story of British courage, determination and humour. The first exciting instalment begins . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK



Pamela Rome fixes a drink for a passenger during flight. "An air stewardess must have a good memory," she says; "but there are times when she must be careful not to use it"



A recruit learns from Pamela. Women passengers, as well as men, prefer to be served by a girl

Airline girls take their cue from Pamela

by MURIEL SEGAL

They must start with charm, tact and good tempers. But they need expert guidance on how to deal with difficult passengers—or make sure that the drinks service is discreetly inefficient

HIGH OVER THE Bay of Biscay, a B.E.A. plane from Lisbon was making a routine flight one summer day in 1946. The stewardess, a slim, black-haired twenty-two year old named Pamela Rome, was busy serving lunch. She noticed that one of the passengers, a mild-looking middle-aged woman, seemed rather restless.

"Suddenly," Pamela recalls, "I saw that she had got up and was struggling with the emergency window. I dumped my tray down and reached her as she wrenched at the handle. In another moment the window would have been open, and the passenger would have been out of the plane."

"She was screaming hysterically, and I had quite a job pulling her away. I got her back eventually and told her she couldn't do that sort of thing here. I persuaded a hefty male passenger to sit next to her, and returned now and again with cups of tea and some reassurance. By the time we reached London she had calmed down so much that the captain did not pass her over to the airport police for creating a disturbance."

Today, at twenty-eight, Pamela Rome is the crack stewardess of B.E.A., and draws on her experience as a senior stewardess in her job of training newcomers to the job.

Every month, seven hundred girls apply to be

stewardesses, but only about thirty have the right qualifications. They must be between twenty-one and twenty-seven, no taller than 5 ft. 6 in., no heavier than 94 stones, speak a Continental language fluently, and have natural charm, tact and beauty, good education and a balanced personality. "In addition, a stewardess must be able to get a move on without flurry, and have a really orderly mind without being old-maidish," adds Pamela.

"A stewardess must have a good memory, too, but know when to display it. Once, I saw a man sitting by a gangway, and smiled at him. 'Good morning. Didn't we take you over to Paris last week?' I said. He gave me a frosty glare and replied loudly enough for his wife, who had come up behind me, to hear, 'You must be mistaken. I have never been to Paris before.'"

First Impressions Count

Qualified applicants have twenty minutes in which to "sell" themselves to a selection board. "It is first impressions which count in this job; girls who improve on knowing are not much use to us. They have to be able to keep their tempers, too. We accepted one girl, but on her first flight she got tired and quickly irritable. That was her last flight."

New stewards and stewardesses are given a six-week course by Pamela. From the start she

tries to deglamorize what is reputed to be a glamorous job. "You are not hostesses, you are stewardesses," she says. "Your job is a round of domestic chores—washing up, serving meals, clearing away, and coping with passengers—sometimes very irritating ones."

There was the fussy woman who complained before the take-off that it was too hot. Pamela offered to help her off with her heavy coats and wraps. "Oh, no," replied the passenger. "They are sure to open the windows once we get up in the air, and then I should be cold."

Pamela tries to dispel any illusions her recruits may have about seeing the world. "All you are likely to see is the airport, and one airport looks much like another." Pamela flew to Amsterdam for nearly five years, touching down about a hundred times, and never to this day has she seen the city itself. "And the speedier the services become and the quicker the turn-about, the less chance there will be to leave the airport before taking off again."

Classes usually consist of a dozen girls and a couple of men. Although most planes carry a male and female steward, the turnover in girls is six times that of men. Most of the "wastage" is caused when the girls get married and leave flying. A few years ago, B.E.A. officials took a long look at the £250 they spent on training each

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Mr. Paterson makes his city too hot for criminals

by *NORMAN PHILLIPS*

His "team policing" system has put an end to boredom on the beat. It keeps his men on their toes—and crooks on the run

SOME TIME BEFORE CHRISTMAS, a watchman at a warehouse in Salford, Lancashire, robbed his employers and planned to escape detection by reporting the crime himself. He removed certain valuables he was paid to guard, hid them and then dialled 999. "I want to report a robbery," he said.

"Address, please?" asked the police switchboard. The watchman gave details and rang off. A moment or two later, he spotted some statuettes he had overlooked. "Plenty of time before the coppers get here," he thought, and began to stuff the ornaments inside his jacket.

At that very moment, a police officer belonging to one of Salford's mobile teams was peering through the window. He had been sent there in answer to the 999 call. The greedy watchman was literally caught in the act. His mistake was failing to recognize a fact understood by most professional criminals throughout Britain—that Salford is an unprofitable city for crime. The underworld discovered this after the introduction of team policing by the city's chief constable, an energetic Scot named Alex Paterson.

A tall, wiry man of forty-four, Paterson has been a policeman for twenty-one years. He was Aberdeen's deputy chief constable at the age of thirty-seven, and his mild brogue contrasts with the Lancashire accents of his men at Salford. As he talks he raises his eyebrows, making deep wrinkles across his broad forehead.

The Surprise Element

"The team system," he explains, "avoids routine and unimaginative methods; and introduces an element of surprise." The Home Secretary, Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, recently spoke in favour of the new method. "Team policing makes police work more interesting," he said. "The Metropolitan Police are trying it in a modified form, and other forces are also experimenting with similar methods to suit their own conditions."

Sometimes the surprise element works so well that the public is amazed. A Salford publican tells of one night when a disturbance broke out in his public house. To call the police, he went to a nearby public telephone box. "By the time I got back to the pub," he says, "I met a constable on his way out of my place—taking away the man who had caused the trouble."

Paterson's team policing is carried out by men like Sergeant John Henry Wadsworth, a bluff and burly veteran who might be mistaken as the prototype of the old-fashioned sergeant found in every force.

The system makes a sergeant and his team

responsible for a definite area during their eight-hour shift, and in that time the sergeant expects to drive about sixty miles, using his car to check property and move his men back and forth throughout the area. Instead of putting them on established beats, he gives each a specific operation—streets to patrol, vulnerable premises to check. At the end of the operation, the constable is picked up and dropped at another point with a fresh assignment. Each sergeant uses his initiative to decide where and when to place his men, and the pattern changes from shift to shift. One major result is that no criminal can be sure when a policeman is likely to appear.

"On the old beat system," Wadsworth says, "the sergeant went around to tell the men the time. Now you are with them all the time."

"Keeping The Lock Warm"

One typical night recently, Wadsworth's team started out from Regent Road police station. Two of the team were in the back seat of the wireless car. The others, after a briefing from Inspector Ernest Vickery, went on foot to operations assigned by the sergeant. In the front seat, on his ample lap, Wadsworth held a map and a list of the patrols he had devised to cover his area. Within five minutes, he dropped the two constables.

"This is a broker's yard," Wadsworth commented as the car pulled up a few moments later in a back street. He got out and tried the padlock—"keeping the lock warm," as the police call it. Sometimes the driver, P.C. 234 Robert Hobbs, would get out and try the doors of a shop or warehouse, and sometimes the sergeant would make the inspection.

At three minutes past eight, Hobbs was checking a pickle factory when the urgent peal of a burglar alarm sounded. The driver ran back to the car and raced down Liverpool Street. At the corner of Bromley Street he stopped. Sergeant and driver jumped out simultaneously and began working their way around a tailor's shop where the alarm was ringing. The light from their torches played over the doors and windows. There was no sign that anyone had forced an entry. Wadsworth went back to the car to make his report. Flicking on the radio set, he called: "Hallo, C.R. from Five." His message ended: "Please give key reference for Benbow's tailor's shop."

The alarm continued to ring noisily. Constable Clifford Richardson, who had been dropped from the police car earlier to patrol on foot, dashed up. Hobbs returned to report that the family living at the back had no access to the



Paterson inspects a car equipped to carry dogs—another weapon for the war on crime



A team briefing. Each night the plan is new; no one knows when the police may appear



Check-up on a couple surprised by a patrol. The underworld has discovered that Salford's police system makes it an unprofitable city for criminals



An everyday job: seeing a lost child safely home. One of the aims in Salford is to make friends for the force

shop, so they would have to wait for someone with a key to enter and silence the bell.

"Wind may have started it off," said the sergeant. The radio crackled. "Hallo, Five. Key is held by Benbow, Dibden Walk, Bagely."

"Hallo, C.R.," replied the sergeant. "Can you ask Regent Road to tell Mr. Benbow to come down to his shop?"

"Understood, Five."

There was nothing to be done until the proprietor's arrival. Wadsworth ordered the car on to a police callbox. Messages were coming in from constables who had completed their first operation. As each reported, Wadsworth assigned them new tasks. "I've been on this job twenty-eight years," he said. "I've worked all the police systems, but this is the one for me."

Car Thieves Keep Away

The radio interrupted him with a report of a car stolen in the adjoining twin city of Manchester. As the sergeant noted the description, P.C. 110 Ernest Egdeall observed: "Car thieves have pretty well stopped going through Salford. We've caught too many of them."

Wadsworth halted the car at another callbox to shift more members of his team. An hour after leaving the police station, he was roaming the opposite end of his area, which includes one of the most densely populated districts in Britain. A householder hailed the sergeant and asked him to look at the roof of his house in Landseer Street. Wind had blown several slates off, rain had soaked into the electric cable, and the man was afraid of fire. Wadsworth notified the electricity board and told the man that help was coming.

"Not exactly police work," the sergeant said, "but you do make friends for the force."

At nine thirty, Sergeant Charles Webb's car was working in another area of Salford. Webb used the same method of putting out his constables on operations, then picking them up and assigning them to new patrols. In its 5,202 highly industrialized acres, packed with 180,000 people, Salford has 8,200 shops, factories, offices, mills and warehouses, each of which must receive police attention throughout the night.

One night, not long ago, Webb and his team

were called to the scene of a break-in. The only clue left was a patch of blood. "Get someone to check at the hospital," Webb said.

Another team raced to Salford Royal Hospital. Coming out of the door were two youths; one had a bandaged wrist. "Caught it on my motor bike chain," he explained to the police. "Show us the bike," the sergeant said. A quick examination showed that the motor cycle obviously had not been used for some time. The youth's nerve failed and, with his companion, he admitted housebreaking.

Salford's police teams have achieved spectacular results since Paterson started the system in 1949. Break-ins are down by a quarter. Breaking-in offences involving lock-up property have dropped by a third. Uniformed policemen have made 109 per cent more arrests, and the apprehension of "travelling criminals" has risen by seventy-six per cent. Real crimes of violence are practically non-existent. These advances have been achieved despite the fact that duty time was less than ninety per cent of that performed in the previous three years.

All The Men Take Part

According to Paterson, boredom is one of the greatest obstacles to efficiency. The old-fashioned beat system made few demands on a constable's initiative. Too often, the introduction of wireless meant that the men in the cars attended the most interesting cases, leaving the man on the beat to continue his dreary round of pounding pavements.

When an incident occurs in Salford, the nearest car rushes to the scene. In the car may be any one or two men of the team, in addition to the sergeant and driver. Thus the constables get the chance to take part in the investigation.

If the incident is serious, more than one team can be summoned. Some time ago a sex offender was chased by a policeman through the back streets, followed by a crowd. By the time the officer got his man, there were nearly two hundred people on the scene. Word spread that the prisoner had assaulted a young girl, and the

constable had to escort him through the hostile crowd to a police box. "I need all the help I can get," the constable reported.

The first car arrived in ninety seconds. Within seven minutes, there were twenty policemen on the scene. The prisoner was whisked away and the hostile crowd, impressed by the sudden show of strength, melted away.

"In the old days," says Sergeant James Sinclair, a veteran of twenty-nine years' service, "you got to hear of an incident three-quarters of an hour after it happened. Now you are on the scene in three or four minutes. Nothing has been moved, the witnesses haven't disappeared and, if anyone is acting suspiciously, you can do something about it."

The Great Police Debate

Salford's police force has a tradition of trying new ideas. Their constables were the first to wear white coats and helmets for traffic duty, and the force pioneered the use of dogs—new wireless cars are now being altered to accommodate an Alsatian. But the team method was the most radical change attempted, and it caused much discussion within the force.

According to Superintendent Samuel Radford, the debate still goes on—although there is unanimous approval for the new system. Now the stations echo with arguments about the most effective variations of team policing. "No two sergeants do the job in exactly the same way," says the chief constable. "I don't want them to."

Not only criminals are surprised by the ability of the Salford teams to appear where they are needed. An army brigadier called on Chief Constable Paterson one day and told him of an experience he had had while driving through Salford. "I'd taken a wrong turning and lost my way," the brigadier said. "I was looking for someone who could put me straight when a police car came alongside. 'You're lost, aren't you?' they asked. 'Can we direct you?'"

"Now, tell me," said the brigadier. "I've heard about the Salford method of team policing, but how do you teach your men to be mind readers?"

THE END

MULDANE'S LAST FIGHT

by BRETON AMIS

ILLUSTRATED BY SHOWELL

He was an ugly, primitive-looking bruiser, who'd long lost hope that any girl would notice him. Then—out of nowhere—up popped Eve

MULDANE FIRST SAW HER when he was out on road work. He was walking aggressively, arms and legs angled at the joints, head well back, chest bobbing along in front of him like a captive balloon. She was cycling, with several heads of celery in her carrier basket. He heard her crunching a stick as she kept pace with him. "Hallo, handsome," she said. "Going somewhere?"

Muldane dare not answer. Downie was following close behind in the splay-wheeled two-seater, and Downie kept pipping on the horn.

"Have a stick of celery," she said. "It's good for rheumatism."

Muldane took his gaze off the far horizon and slid it sideways. She was a small blonde, with a bun of buttercup hair that swung as she pedalled. Her sloppy red sweater couldn't hide the curves, nor could her tight blue jeans.

"Mustn't you talk while you're training?" she asked. "Or are you silent, like most boxers? Is that fat little chap your manager? Why don't you tell him to get out and crawl?"

She dug her hands into the pockets of her jeans, put one foot on the handlebars and went on pedalling with the other.

"You're Rubber Muldane, the human two-way stretch," she said. "I saw you fight the Kangaroo Kid. You hit low, and the referee disqualified you."

"Get along," Muldane muttered from the corner of his mouth. "Leave me be!"

"All right, groucho. See you tomorrow."

As she cycled over the crest of the hill, she waltzed the bicycle from verge to verge while she whistled shrilly and beat time with a stick of celery. Muldane had never seen anything like it before in his life. Although he was in good condition, little rivers of sweat ran down the gullies that lined his face.

Girls seldom spoke to him. His was not the rugged ugliness that charmed. His brown hair was so spiky a cap wouldn't sit on it; his ears were inflated; most of his teeth had been knocked out. He was thirteen-stone-five of muscle and bone insulated in a loose-cover of gutta-percha. He was hideous, but that did not mean he had no use for pretty girls. They simply had no use for him.

Muldane wanted to catch up with the blonde and explain that he hadn't really hit low. By writhing and rolling his eyes and hugging himself in an ecstasy of agony, the Kangaroo Kid often won fights on fouls—if the ref. didn't know him. Muldane wanted to explain, but he was terrified of girls. Downie said they were more dangerous to a pug than a timekeeper who betted.

Back at the gym, Mac, the masseur, pulled

"You're Rubber Muldane, the human two-way stretch," she said brightly. Muldane strode on. "Get along," he pleaded. "Leave me be!"



handfuls of flesh out of Muldane and let them flap back like elastic.

"O.K., then," Downie conceded, "she's a pretty little honeypot. But with a mug like yours, Rubber, you haven't a chance with the honeypots until you're a champ and in the money. Then they'll climb over one another to get at you, won't they, Mac?"

"I wouldn't know." The masseur seemed to think it doubtful.

"Flash Birtle had a girl who gave him scarlet silk pants with his moniker worked on 'em in gold," Muldane said sulkily. "My mug's no worse than his."

Downie wasn't going to argue the point. "Wait until you're the champ," was all he would say.

Muldane had waited fifteen years. He had fought hundreds of fights and, as Downie kept telling him, he had broken about even—in the first five years he had won nearly every fight and in the last five years had lost nearly every fight.

"I'll never be a champ," he said.

Downie told him that was no way for a pug to talk. In the fight game one never knew, and if Rubber could k.o. the Hoxton Killer next week he would move up the bill instead of off it altogether. That was the situation, and Rubber wouldn't improve it by having honeypots on his mind.

The next day, the blonde was wearing a green sweater and a short black skirt. She had a bunch of bananas in her carrier, and ate one as she cycled just in front of Muldane.

"You must be out of condition," she called. "You're sweating."

"I'm not," Muldane muttered.

"Maybe you're out of condition, or feeling your age. Have a banana? They're full of glucose."

She turned right round in the saddle and sat facing him, with one foot still working the

pedals. She gave him a friendly, dimpling smile that made Muldane's heart turn over.

"You'll kill yourself," he panted. "You can't see what's coming."

"Nor can you, most times. Have a banana?"

Muldane shook his head. A *pip-pip-pip* from Downie's car close behind him made him branch off the sandy lane, on to the metalled road. Caught unawares, the girl went sailing on, but she soon came back, riding normally.

"What you need," she said, "is a break from your nursemaid. I like you, Rubber, so what about coming round to see me? I'm in the show business. Come and see me do my stuff."

His running became so erratic that Downie played a concerto on the horn.

"Downie wouldn't let me," he gasped.

Her scornful laugh caught him like a straight right to the chin, and left him groggy. From a few yards away Downie was shouting at the girl to leave him alone.

"If you ever want a change from knock-about," she said, "come and see me and Pa and we'll give you a job. We're both in the show business. He's Parker Todd and I'm Eye Todd. It would be fun, having you around."

"Would it?" Muldane's heart was now thumping as if he had gone the full fifteen rounds with the champ. "Would it?"

"You bet it would . . . Rubber."

She gave him another smile and cycled off, tossing her banana skin over her shoulder. Muldane stepped heavily on it and skidded. As he fell, Downie panicked and kicked at the accelerator instead of the foot-brake. The bumper struck Muldane's head, and the car passed over him.

At the hospital they X-rayed Muldane and put him in a white bed in a white room. He recovered consciousness to find a dark, plump nurse hovering over him.

"Slight concussion," the nurse said. "It's nothing to worry about. We're holding you for a few days for observation. How do you feel?"

Muldane felt light-headed and carefree. He wasn't even afraid of the nurse.

"You've two visitors," she said. "Your manager and a girl with a bunch of grapes."

Muldane sat up. The nurse tried to push him down again, but he politely resisted.

"Can you get rid of my manager?" he asked. "Tell him I can't see anyone yet, but give her the nod to come right back. She'll understand."

"I don't know that I should," the nurse said, "but I'll try to get you five minutes with the girl. You're too weak for any mischief."

Muldane flexed his biceps. They showed like coconuts in the sleeves of the hospital pyjamas. The nurse cried, "Oh, oh, oh!" as she bustled off.

Soon, Eve Todd came in with a bunch of black grapes. Half of them had already been eaten. She popped another into her mouth as she stood by the bed, looking prettier than ever and just as friendly.

"Rubber, I'm sorry about the banana skin, really sorry. But, jiminy, you were funny. Pure corn, but funny. Have a grape? I brought them for you."

Muldane knew he was in love. No one had ever given him fruit before, except for a squeeze of lemon. He felt so happy and dizzy he had to lie back.

"That's more like old times," she said. "Most heavyweights look more comfortable when they're resting. Why did you send Downie away?"

"Because I wanted to see you alone." Muldane took her hand into his huge fist. "I could die like this. You pack more dynamite

Muldane went into a clinch and met no resistance. It was like kissing a rosebud with the dew still on it



The Killer came in; he was in a nervous, nasty

in one finger than the champ does in both gloves."

"You've never fought the champ," she said, "and you never will. I'm glad of that, Rubber. You've been beaten up so often you've lost your good looks. May I?"

Delicately, she pinched a bit of his forearm and watched it flap back.

"Fascinating!" she said.

"So are you," said Muldane. "A fair knock-out."

"You should know," she laughed, and popped a grape into his mouth. When she did it again, the madness entered into Muldane. He went into a neat clinch and kissed her.

It was like kissing a rosebud with the dew still on it, and she didn't seem to mind. She stroked his ear, pulling at it affectionately. Then the nurse came in, rolled her eyes and said: "My, my my, if he does this on grapes, ought we to feed him an egg?"

"Is there anything you want?" Eve asked, getting up to go.

Muldane nodded. "I want a pair of scarlet pants with my name worked on 'em in gold."

"Why gold?"

"To remind me of your hair." He touched it gently. "And your heart."

"You'll be writing poetry next, like a real champ," she told him. "I haven't done any needlework since I made a doll's dress at school, but I owe you the pants for throwing the banana skin. When do you fight again?"

"I'm down to meet the Hoxton Killer next





mood. Muldane, with Eve watching from the front row, was just nervous. He left his guard wide open

week," he said. "The pants'll bring me luck."

Seven days later, he was in the ring. It was like being home with the family after a holiday—a quarrelsome family. The ref. was a nagger, and the Killer was in a nervous, nasty mood. One of them was due for a fade-out, and the Killer had made up his mind it wasn't going to be him.

For five rounds the Killer had been slamming Muldane round the ring. This was bad enough, but he wasn't fighting fair. Whenever he had breath enough, he talked.

"Pansy-pants," he hissed in Muldane's ear. "Where d'you get 'em, Rubber? They're gorgeous, but she oughta trim 'em with lace."

Muldane would have preferred to hang on and argue, but the referee broke the clinch and stepped back in time for the Killer to land a stinger to the head and a left-right-left to the stomach.

"Get into him!" Downie urged when the bell rang. "You've been walking backwards so fast you almost caught up with yourself. The boys don't like it, Rubber. What's wrong with you?"

Muldane didn't know. He rubbed his stomach not because he was hurt, but to ease the flutter of his heart. Eve was sitting in the front row seat he had given her, and every time he looked down at her the rubber in him seemed to melt into a tacky substance that made him wobble at the knees. His bounce had gone.

The bell rang, and he went straight into a clinch.

"Sleepy?" asked the Killer. "Get her to run

you up a nightie with pink bows on the shoulders . . . urp!"

Muldane's prodding left had caused the urp. It annoyed the Killer. He came in with his head down. Muldane was caught with his guard wide open and the next moment he was lying on his back with the ref. bending over him.

"Get up and mix," the ref. said fussily. "We've given 'em short weight already. This should go to the eleventh."

Muldane got up, and was knocked down four times before the bell rang.

"Chuck in the towel," he gasped. "I'm beat."

His head was taken between Downie's hands and shaken so forcefully he was afraid it would come off.

"It's that blonde!" Downie accused. "You've got her on your mind as well as your backside. Forget her, or the next time you hit the canvas you'll stay there."

MULDANE registered this as a sensible suggestion. He turned uneasily on his stool. Eve waved to him, but when he raised a hand in salute Downie grabbed it and nearly twisted his arm out of its socket.

"Listen, Rubber," he said. "If we don't fight we don't eat, and if we don't eat we can't live on love. Get mad at that hairy baboon, or you'll be opening cab doors and touting for tips."

"The Killer's mad at me," Muldane brooded. "He's jealous of my pants and jealous of my girl."

The bell rang for the eighth. Muldane went

straight into a clinch because he could see Eve over the Killer's shoulder.

"Is that your girl down there?" the Killer asked. "Did she bring her sewing, Rubber? Is her face screwed up because she's sucking a lemon or through looking at you . . . uff!"

A sharp butt from Muldane's head caused the uff. This was a tactical error that enraged the Killer. The next moment Muldane sailed through the ropes and sprawled across the press table in front of Eve.

"Oh, Rubber," she said sadly, "your heart's not in it, I can see that. This is my pa."

"Glad to know you, boy." The voice came through a wreath of cigar smoke. "See you after the fight. Pretty soon now, eh? Ha, ha!"

Muldane climbed through the ropes and was slammed against them so hard that he came back like a stone from a catapult.

One of his gloves connected, and before the Killer could regain balance Muldane's right hook exploded under his chin. He went down. The crowd rose, yelling, but Muldane could see Eve still sitting there, sucking at the lemon she had pressed to his lips. And it was quite true; his heart wasn't in it. Fighting no longer meant anything to him.

The referee was counting as slowly as he dared. At nine the Killer stumbled to his feet again. Muldane feinted with his left and put every ounce of his weight behind the right hook. He wanted to get the fight over. This time the Killer bounced once, then lay still.

"Short weight," the referee grumbled as he raised Muldane's hand. "I said the eleventh."

WHEN Eve and her pa arrived at his dressing-room, Muldane told Downie to clear out, and after one swift glance at him the manager shrugged and went.

"It was only the eighth round," Rubber fretted. "There may be trouble about that, but I hardly knew what I was doing, Eve, with you sitting there watching. Downie always says a girl can jinx a boxer."

"You aren't a boxer and Downie's a dose of cyanide," she soothed. "This is where you quit the fight game, Rubber, while you're still young and handsome."

"And what would I do for a living?" he asked wistfully.

Pa told him. "Eve's a trick cyclist at my circus, boy. In her act she rides round the ring with a stooge on her handlebars. The clowns stretch a rope that catches the stooge because he's facing the wrong way, and—wham, what a laugh! You won't hurt yourself. You know how to fall."

"You'd make the act," Eve added. "There's steady money in it, Rubber—a pound a fall, two shows a night, and no cut for a manager."

"Why pick on me?" Rubber wanted to know.

"Because I've fallen for you," Eve said softly. "You aren't every girl's daydream, Rubber, but as soon as I saw you I wanted you. Do I have to propose?"

She told her pa to scram. Rubber was feeling light-headed again. He wondered if he would wake up to find the referee bending over him, but he went into a clinch and she was as real and sweet as a rosebud with the dew still on it.

"Pa will stake us a caravan, Rubber," she said, when she had got her breath back. "I can't cook, but you'll get used to fruit. I can't sew, except to embroider your pants. I don't know why I love you, but every time I look at you I want to laugh and hug you, and that makes me happy."

It made Rubber happy as well, yet something was still worrying him. Feeling behind, he found the needle sticking into his scarlet pants with a bit of gold thread still in it.

"I'll keep this," he said, "to remind me of my last fight."

Eve looked at him, laughed at him, and hugged him.

"We both won," she said.

THE END

I watch the burial of a Papuan warrior

by ALFRED VOGEL

Returning home through the land of forgotten people, the Swedish explorer attends a macabre funeral in the wilds, and sees how stone-age man passes to the world of spirits



Sending a message by jungle telegraph. Drums—always played in full dress—are made of kangaroo skin drawn across hollow tree-trunks



The expedition's route. On the return, via the Genebinor Pass, it made an important discovery

AFTER OUR LONG STAY in camp by the Jimmi River we marched back to the village of Bunkri. The intention was that we should make our way from there along the north slopes of Mount Maginbor to the Ganz River.

We took up our previous quarters in Bunkri, where we again met with a friendly reception, though this time without any elaborate ceremony of reception. Here I had an opportunity of witnessing a funeral. The dead man, an old Papuan warrior, was a member of a family which lived outside the village, half a mile or so down the mountainside in the direction of the stream from which all the village water was carried. Beside some cultivated plots in a burned clearing in the forest lay a cluster of huts belonging to a number of related families. The whole was like a miniature village, and was surrounded by a palisade of sharp-pointed stakes to prevent pigs getting into the plantations. One of the families in this little suburb had two huts, one for its own use and the other for an aged grandfather and two of his elderly wives.

It was this old grandfather who had gone to the world of the spirits a week before, and all the other huts were now filled to overflowing with the dead man's relatives, who had assembled for the festivities. The natives are particularly clannish. They have a wonderful memory for relationships, and excel at recounting all the members of a family up to the cousins of cousins. When a Papuan dies, even distant relatives, living perhaps more than a week's march from the place of burial, are sent news of the death by messengers, and come with their entire families to the house of mourning. Related families do not, however, meet only on such sorrowful occasions, but often pay each other visits and, when they do, they like to stay for a considerable time.

Feared The Graveyard Spirits

The assembled relatives had all put on deep mourning; that is to say, they had smeared themselves with ash and clay, and they looked very ghostly. During this process of smearing themselves they weep and wail loudly to show their grief. There had been a great pig-eating the evening before, and now the funeral was to take place. Each village normally has a communal burial place in the surrounding forest. It is visited only when someone has to be buried, for the Papuans are very shy of a place where many spirits must so obviously have their abode.

After a while, everybody set out for the burial place, where the dead man had already spent a week lying on a layer of branches at the bottom of an open grave three feet deep. The corpse always lies for a while thus, so that

it can be viewed by the relatives. These must view the dead man the moment they arrive and, as some of them live far away, this macabre parade can often last for two weeks. Even in villages where it is the custom to keep the corpse hoisted up under the roof of the hut, where the smoke of the fire perhaps has some preservative effect, the stench round the grave on the day of the funeral is considerable.

After one look at the dead man I withdrew swiftly into the background. The old warrior, in a dreadful state of decomposition, had no headdress—the very old no longer wear war trappings—but he was attired in his woven belt with the net down over his knees. I thought that I glimpsed a spear among the branches on which the corpse lay, but I am not sure about that.

The Mourners' Feast Of Pig

To show that they had lost a close relative, some of the elderly mourners had chopped off the top of a finger, and were wearing little bandages of leaves tied on with fibres. When the mourners, weeping and wailing—and now and again cursing each other when jostled in the throng—had cast a last glance at their dead relative, the grave was filled in. They all crowded round to shovel the earth with their hands. When the grave was filled, some of the men cut branches from the trees and stuck them round the grave like a palisade. The other graves were similarly fenced with more or less tumbledown palisades. When the enclosure was complete the mourners moved off in smaller groups to prepare yet another feast of pig in memory of the dead man.

It was not the custom in these parts to dry the skulls of relatives and keep them in the dwelling. Nearer the coast, there are tribes which are not content with the skull, but prepare the whole head. The skin is carefully withdrawn and submitted to a protracted smoking process. All soft parts are removed from the skull. When the skin is ready it is softened in water, and drawn over the skull. The place of the soft parts between the skin and the bones is taken by moss and fine grass, which is stuffed in so that the features are preserved. The natives are most expert at this grisly craft, and often achieve a striking resemblance to the original face.

Captain Ned Blood, our expedition's leader, had lived in New Guinea for seventeen years, and in the course of time had acquired from the natives a number of large stone ceremonial axes, which are used at festivals and the more solemn parleys. The blade is made from a flat piece of grey stone, which is first hammered to shape and then finely ground. It is then fixed with wedges and lashings into a flat, curved piece of wood which has a handle and a covering of



Two ghostly Papuan women, their bodies smeared with ash and clay to show they are in mourning, carry food in net bags to a funeral feast



Ganz River warriors. The man with bird wings in his nose carries a ceremonial axe. The blade is hammered from stone and ground in sand

artistically patterned woven fibre. This piece of wood narrows at the back like a large fishtail. The black and white patterns in which the fibre is woven show considerable artistic talent. These axes are carried on the shoulder with the edge turned forwards if war, vengeance or such like is intended. The edge faces back if the ceremony is representative of peace or goodwill.

These wonderful ceremonial arms often reach the coast in the process of barter and there, under the name of Hagen axes, they are much sought after by the whites. The name should have meant that the axes were made in the Mount Hagen area, but that is not the case. The Mount Hagen mission station was merely a sort of buying centre, whence a trader sent them in dribbles to the small communities on the coast.

A Native Racket In Axes

After piecing together all the information he had been able to obtain during several years from the natives coming from the north to the Wahgi Valley, Blood had reached the conclusion that there must be an ancient craft of axe-making being practised along some river south of the Jimmi River. As the expedition penetrated farther and farther he had kept asking the natives where such axes were made. In recent years the supply had dried up, especially since natives near the coast had begun making imitation Hagen axes, which were sold at high prices to the Americans after the Japanese had left the island, and to tourists.

In Bunkri we had been told by an old man that in his youth there had existed villages where, since time immemorial, the men of each succeeding generation had been taught to make these exquisite axes. These villages were on a river where there were cliffs which yielded the right stone for the blades.

Blood had decided, therefore, to make for the Ganz River and try to find this stone-age factory, although the route was across steep mountains and swampy valleys. It soon became apparent that it was impossible for our column

to follow the path, but we had to make our own way along the mountainsides. Though we lengthened the days' marches, our progress was slow. Often we came to a valley which was perhaps only six hundred yards wide, yet impossible to cross, and so we would have to make a detour of several miles.

Discovered Stone-age Factory

When we finally reached the Ganz River even the porters were looking slightly the worse for the difficult going. On the horizon far to the south we could see Mount Jaka, 9,600 feet, which we had already seen from the other side when we left the Wahgi Valley at Kimil. A little dip in the mountain's outline was the Genebinor Pass, which we were eventually to cross.

We were met at the river by messengers whom we had sent on ahead. They now had with them some old men from the village of Mangarvicar. A few inquiries showed that we had been unimaginably lucky, for the site of the former stone axe factory was only a little way downstream on the other side of the river. We waded across, and a walk of about a mile brought us to some large holes full of water lying in the jungle close to the river bank. In these holes we could see grey slate-like rock. There must have been many similar holes, but the jungle had already covered them over.

Here and there were great piles of stones and stone chips. The jungle had spread over some of these pyramids, but there were places where the stone still protruded through plants and moss. The size and number of the holes and heaps was evidence of centuries of industrious labour, yet in a few years' time it will be difficult to discover anything but small water-holes, for the vegetation will have conquered everything.

The old men who guided us demonstrated the method of making the axe blades. With a stone from the shore they hammered a large flat piece of stone out of one of the water-holes. They then sat down to hammer this into shape. When

the blade was the right shape, the old men moved down to the water's edge. Here they showed us how they ground the surface smooth, using the wet sand as the grinding paste. It was not difficult to see that it must have taken weeks, perhaps months, to produce a fine axe. The old craftsmen promised us that there were axes to be bought in Mangarvicar, for which we were heading.

According to these old men, the axe factory had existed for as far back as the tribe's traditions went. It was obvious that the local population had previously devoted itself almost exclusively to axe manufacture, for an old chief said: "In those days we did not need to cultivate so much." That evening, when we reached the village, the same chief promised to arrange an axe market for us, and also to send his men out to collect rare orchids for Blood to plant at Nondugi.

Village That Lived In Peace

In this former "industrial" area, the villages were unfortified and sited low down near the water instead of well up on the hills. Nor were their burned clearings so far up the mountainside as usual, and there were many plantations round the villages. Perhaps their more warlike neighbours in the mountain villages still respected these small communities because of their former production.

Certainly, these villagers appeared to have more of a mercantile mind, for there was now no longer any question of our leaving a more or less arbitrary sum in payment for what we wanted. And, because of its comparative proximity to the Hagen district, the steel axes and knives which we had brought along to trade were not such rarities. Between this district and the western part of the Wahgi Valley there lay only the Genebinor Pass, which had long been the chief route for the barter trade.

Mangarvicar was one of the villages nearest to the Wahgi Valley on the north, and some time before our arrival it had received a visit from a district officer and was now to act as the



Captain Blood's two-year-old daughter Susanne finds a playmate in a Papuan village. Many of the natives had not seen a white child before



Vogel shaves on the banks of the Ganz River. Though there are no crocodiles here, it has never occurred to the Papuans to bathe

authorities' sally-port into the unexplored territories we had been traversing. There was visible evidence of the visit in a newly built guest-house and small beds of flowers round the village square, where a flagpole had been erected, and in the presence of an old experienced police-boy, who was stationed in the village until the district officer's next visit.

This guardian of the law, an over-age veteran with more than thirty years' service, spoke really good English, and was invaluable to us because of the respect he enjoyed throughout the district. He was not a local, but came from somewhere in the south.

His family included an elder daughter of eighteen who had received a little nursing training in the south and now worked in the village under the district officer's instructions. This girl was very good-looking, and emphasized her exceptional position by wearing a waist-covering of white cloth. She was unmarried and appeared to be waiting until her father's retirement, with a pension from the authorities, would allow them to move to more civilized parts, where she would be able to make a really suitable match. For my part I don't believe that she was bothered with serious proposals, for the sons of the local chiefs would never have dared to marry a woman who, by their ideas, was so dangerous and so useless as a wife.

A Sea Of Dazzling Flowers

The old police-boy always went about dressed in black shorts with red facings and a white baldric with a rubber baton. On more solemn occasions he would appear in a military hat and carry a rifle as the symbol of his absolute authority. The pipe at which he was for ever sucking was also intended to emphasize his dignity.

He had evidently been driving the collectors of our orchids and ceremonial axes, for one morning when we emerged out of the tent the whole square was a sea of dazzling, glowing flowers. Orchids of every size and colour lay in rows close together, and in front of the flagpole stood about forty large axes with their hafts stuck in the ground, drawn up in two faultless lines like a military parade. And there

stood the guardian of the law himself in front of the men of the village, who were lined up in ranks.

All the men were in semi-ceremonial dress; that is to say, they were wearing all their trappings but had not put on war paint. Some were carrying long and intricately carved ceremonial spears with multiple points, beneath which tree-kangaroo skin was wound round the shaft.

The axes varied in size, but otherwise they were all alike. After considerable haggling we bought several. Of these I selected three to take home with me.

Ornaments For Oriental Princes

After the axes it was the turn of the flowers. From the large heaps with their hundreds of plants Blood chose the rarer specimens. The plants he bought were carefully packed in damp moss and placed in ribbed baskets. The rejected plants were immediately seized by the natives and thrown on the rubbish heap.

During the lunch siesta some of the natives went from tent to tent trying to sell us skins of various birds of paradise. These skins were very flatly stuffed and threaded on a wooden skewer thrust through the beak, round which the skin of the neck shrunk tight in drying. Thus the whole thing resembled a large, colourful feather duster, or the head-plume of a circus horse. Even today, oriental princes use them as ornaments in their turbans, in which the wooden skewer is inserted into a fold.

Blood, however, advised me not to buy these skins from the natives, as they often cheat and make a skin out of a number of small pieces, and their method of curing impairs the durability of the skin.

Much later I was to remember Blood's expert advice, for in Lae on my way home I saw and bought a bird of paradise skin with a colouring I thought I had not seen before. Closer inspection in Stockholm revealed at once that I had been the victim of a native trick common on the coast: certain parts of the bird's plumage were dyed red with permanganate of potash.

We had a heavenly place in which to bathe at Mangarvicar—glorious sand, smooth rounded rocks and water as clear as crystal. Looking up

towards the Genebinor Pass we could see the falls of the river, which rises there, like small white specks on the green of the mountain slopes. How extraordinary it is that during all the thousands of years they have lived beside this glorious river—there are no crocodiles there—it had never occurred to these Papuans to bathe! It is only occasionally, when hopping from stone to stone across one of the shallow fords, that they get an involuntary bath.

However, the force of example is indeed great, as we could see with our own porters, who, at the start of the expedition, after only a few days' watching us whites and police-boys luxuriating and splashing in the mountain streams, had begun to do likewise. The natives in the villages, however, regarded our orgies in the water with mingled wonderment and disquiet. If these Papuans had ever come to New Guinea across the sea, they must have done so very long ago. In certain parts of the mountains, canoes and rafts are quite unknown, and if a river has to be crossed they either search till they find a ford or build a suspension bridge.

Only Sons Can Inherit Land

The veteran police-boy was a wonderful interpreter, and easy to talk with. One evening I pumped him about the natives' views on property and ownership. The territory of a tribe is ruled by a *luluai* who, like the other heads of families, himself owns part of the land. A family owns its land as a family, and it never happens that a father has an area and that a grown son also acquires any separate holding.

It is only the sons of a chief's first wife, who is always a chief's daughter, who can inherit the position of chief. But when a father dies all his sons inherit his land, which is divided among them. Daughters, on the other hand, never inherit anything. In the long run a family's land does not shrink, for the population seems to have remained fairly constant since time immemorial.

In the Wahgi Valley and the districts nearer the coast, parents will do anything to prevent one of their daughters marrying a man from the coastal districts, for these no longer own land, and consequently the sons of that daughter could



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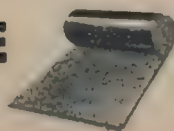
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not inherit land of their own. This state of affairs is partly the result of the whites having long ago bought up the land near the sea at ridiculous prices, and partly because medical science and the improvement in sanitary conditions have disturbed the previous balance between mortality and rate of birth.

A family matter of especial importance is that of bride-purchase. The girls' only justification for existence is that when, at the age of eleven or twelve, they become marriageable, the family may expect an access of lapp-lapp (cloth) or pigs and poultry from their sale to wealthy suitors. Being wealthy means that the bridegroom-to-be either owns, or can borrow from his family, a stock of these animals.

Grew Thin From Fever

Each time that I bathed in the river and looked up towards the Genebinor Pass, I hoped that the way back to the Wahgi Valley would be less difficult than that over the Elkanump Pass. I was beginning to have bother with my stomach and did not feel in the best of condition. Nor had a few days' dysentery and fever in Mangarvicar helped to improve matters. It was obvious from my clothes that I had grown considerably thinner. Even our photographer, Baglin, who was only twenty-five and thus less than half my age, admitted that he was beginning to feel worn out after the exertions of the last six weeks.

Even so, I was ashamed to ask Blood for porters to have myself carried, for the amount we were transporting had grown rather than diminished, and our porters had as much as they could do. So I promised myself that I would march with the others as usual.

On the day we left Mangarvicar we made a very early start so as to get as far as possible before the heat became really severe. The pass at which I had been casting suspicious glances for the last few days was veiled in the morning mist. For several miles there was a very good road, and the police-boy explained that road-building between the villages visited by the district officer was a punishment often laid upon a tribe or village for collective misdemeanours. "A few more good punishments here in the next few years and perhaps when Master comes again the path will be good the whole way up to the top," he said.

After some hours, I felt that I must let myself lag behind. It was decided that my boy, Kaibal, and the police-boy should stay with me and the column would wait for us up on the pass.

Unsafe To Overdrink

There were no villages above us, so we were able to drink long draughts from the crystal streams. Yet we had to observe a certain degree of moderation, for it is not safe to drink much in that heat. It is also necessary to salt copiously what food you eat, for on such marches the violent perspiration swiftly diminishes the quantity of necessary salt in the body. On a hot day an anchovy or two at lunch is a good medicine against the fatigue that results from a streaming body.

Kaibal was carrying a few long sugar-canes, and he cut off a bit for me during the little rests that we took. The juice of a sugar-cane is the most refreshing drink you can imagine, cool, with a glorious aroma, and full of sugar which goes straight into the blood in the form of fresh energy.

The heat diminished a little the higher we climbed, but then, instead, I began to feel the thinner air constricting my chest and making my steps heavier. Kaibal was, as usual, a tower of strength on those last few miles.

At last we reached the plateau, which is the highest point of the pass and covered with a weird moss-forest. Rich as bird and animal life had been lower down, here, at almost eight thousand feet, the place seemed dead. The others had halted for a rest, and I arrived just in time for what, in my opinion, is the most refreshing drink in a hot climate—hot tea.

The descent was not as hard as I had expected. The path was fairly good the whole way, no doubt for the

simple reason that it had long carried the barter-trade between Hagen and the unexplored areas we had been traversing. I was forced to take things easy, so that when Kaibal and I reached the first village, Gugi, the guest-house was ready for occupation and a meal prepared. However, I was unable to do any justice to it, for I had lost my appetite and was feeling feverish.

Early the following morning I was awakened by the usual racket and chatter of a Papuan village. I felt thoroughly rested and free of fever, but at breakfast I discovered that I had developed a repugnance for solid food. I drank only one cup of tea, and forced myself to swallow a few biscuits.

That day we did not make a start until after lunch. It would have taken us all our time to reach Kimil in the one day. Partly out of consideration for me, and partly to enable us to skin a number of birds, Blood decided that we would camp early and make Kimil on the following day.

Kaibal and some of the boys who had been taught to cure skins were seated below the veranda of the guest-house busy with the birds, their small knives and tins of arsenic paste. Round them lounged the village's leisured class, the men, for the women had long since gone to the plantations to do a full day's hard work.

The villagers watched the boys' work with avid eyes. The moment a bird was skinned, greedy hands stretched out and the body was borne off with loud rejoicing to be cooked. It looked really ridiculous to see several of these warriors, with their beards and feather ornaments, whooping with joy like children as they strode away with the small corpses, some of which were no larger than a sparrow. However, meat of any quality and in any condition was their delight, and small birds they considered better than rats, snakes and lizards, delicacies though these were.

How Hunters Stalk Birds

The Papuan hunter's bow is a primitive affair, and he is not trained as a sniper, so that he finds it difficult to kill the small birds. Rails and such-like he goes after when he sees them settle in the grass. Armed with a long cane like a fishing-rod, the hunter runs for the spot where the covey settled. Then he creeps slowly forward, the long cane raised ready to strike. At the very moment that the first bird lifts, he strikes at lightning speed, and often succeeds in hitting one or more of the birds.

I took advantage of a free morning to air my collection of beetles, which I had to do frequently, as otherwise they would have mouldered. I took them out of their tins, removed the paper round them and spread them on a blanket and covered the whole thing with some old newspapers. We had taken a lot of these old newspapers with us for distribution as cigarette paper, a measure which prevented the usual pilfering of toilet paper. I could see the natives looking at me with rapt and wondering eyes as I arranged the beetles in rows on the blanket; I suppose they thought me a white magician

JOURNEY INTO BRITAIN

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IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK



about to prepare some sort of wonderful medicine.

My stomach was feeling a little better when, after a lunch at which I had forced down some egg and tea, we marched eastwards. When we had been going some hours, mostly across prairie, an approaching thunderstorm forced us to pitch camp hurriedly. From the hillock where the camp was, we were able to watch the rain advancing, its approach distinctly visible as a line speeding across the prairie below. It looked from a distance as though the six-foot high grass was being cut with a giant scythe as the rain battered it to the ground.

The next day, I had to face the most troublesome obstacle in the whole plain, an extensive area of swamp through which we had to force our way. For mile upon mile we thrust through reeds ten feet high, wading to our knees in green, stinking water that myriads of tiny creatures made appear alive. The porters continually probed their way with spears to avoid tumbling into deep holes. Over these holes I had myself carried, for I felt that to let myself be smeared in that unsavoury mud to the thighs was enough.

Sank In Green Mud

Luckily, the day's accident happened to me just before we emerged on to firm ground, only fifteen minutes' march from Kimil. One of the boys carrying me slipped, lost his balance and let go of me. Slowly, and despite Kaibal's efforts to rescue me, I sank to the neck in the green, stinking brew. I was speedily helped on to firm ground again, but as long as I live I shall remember that ducking.

Dripping wet, covered with filth of all sorts, and spreading foul odours around me, I made my rather undignified entry into Kimil, where a feast was being prepared for the porters. A sort of orchestra had already marched on to the village square, and, as soon as I had removed my stinking clothes and had a thorough wash, I dressed myself more suitably and went off to inspect the musicians.

Just as a civilized community expects its musicians to dress up for the occasion at concerts, so it is in the wilds. Natives never make music, even at simple village festivities, without full dress being insisted upon. And it is exactly the same dress as they put on for waging inter-tribal war.

Papuan musicians seemed to have only two musical instruments: a drum, and a flute made of clay and shaped like an ocarina. The drums are pieces of a tree trunk, usually twenty-four inches to thirty-two inches long, hollowed out, with very thin walls and a diameter of ten inches at the upper end, across which is stretched the skin of a tree kangaroo. The round drumhead is hairless, but the various flaps, the legs, and the tail, which hang down at the side, have the hair intact. The lower part of the wooden pipe widens out like

a funnel. These are the same drums as are used in disseminating news by jungle telegraph from mountain to mountain. They are held in the left hand by the upper part, often in a fibre grip, with the drumskin slanting outwards, so that the palm of the right hand can beat a roll on it.

Symphony Of Colour

The flute, which is rather rare, appears to be exclusively the instrument of the solo player playing for himself or a small circle of intimate friends. It is a simple instrument, consisting of a hollowed lump of clay which has had some holes made in it. When blown, it emits various sounds, from which a simple melody can be formed.

I discovered the Kimil village orchestra, twenty-five men strong, drawn up in ranks, five deep. It presented the most splendid symphony in colours I have ever seen. While drumming and intoning the monotonous chant, during which the musicians slowly swayed their torsos and stamped out the time, it became a solid mass of sparkling colour; during the pauses, when they all stood still, it was like a puzzle of different colour units. The fabulously lovely headdresses, often up to three feet high, shot cascades of colour like feather dusters.

The men's faces were painted in vivid colours, and from their noses and ears radiated gorgeous tail feathers and mother-of-pearl ornaments in beautiful sweeping curves. Round their necks they wore gleaming neckplates, and round their waists large shells rattled.

Musical Ecstasy

Some of the musicians were showing off, having a tree-kangaroo skin wound round their underarms like woolly weals; others had broad armbands of woven fibre round their upper arms and legs. It amazed me how both the men and women who wore these, and also broad girdles of braiding, could endure wearing them all the time, for they were so tightly drawn that they cut deeply into the flesh; there was no way to remove them except by cutting them off. Usually they are left on until they rot away.

The music consisted of an unmelodious drumming accompanied by a monotonous chant of three or four words repeated interminably. Time was beaten by bending the knees and stamping the feet. Gradually, the musicians got into a sort of ecstasy, in which they rolled their eyes and quivered all over their bodies. That they were exerting themselves was obvious from the little runlets of sweat round the edges of the painting on their faces and gleaming on their black bodies.

Several times the orchestra repeated the same drumming and the same song; then the pig-feast began, and villagers and porters thronged round the cooking-trenches. By the time they had

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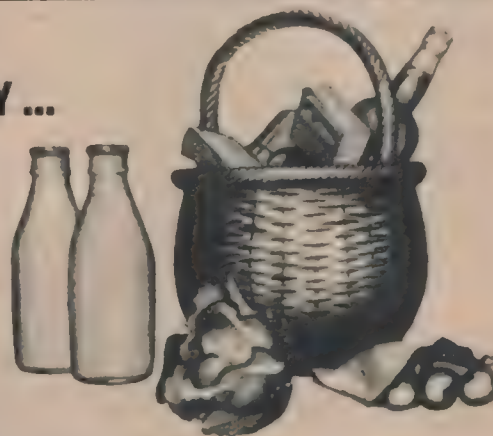
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finished guzzling, darkness had fallen. The married women, children and old men went to their low, smoky huts to sleep, but the young people of both sexes, and any married men on the look-out for a possible additional wife—that is to say almost all males except those too bowed with years—went to the Youth House outside the village.

There the fire was lit whose light would soon illuminate the love-play of Nature's children, and the muffled sound of their soporific love chant would steal through the village where mothers of fourteen and fifteen years old lay asleep, the joys of youth already behind them.

Girls Were Giggling

When, at daybreak, I emerged from the guest-house for a while, life in the village was just beginning again. The morning meal was being got ready, and the usual chatter could be heard coming from the huts, which, in these parts, always look as though they are going to burst into flame at any moment. They have no hole in the roof to let out the smoke, which seeps away through the straw and leaves of the roof and walls.

There was no visible sign of there having been a feast the night before; no one lay abed or appeared to be suffering from a hangover. Perhaps it was just my imagination, but I did think that the young girls, who every now and then crossed the village square in little groups, were giggling more than usual.

After Kimil came the stretch of road between the villages of Amilibar and Banz, over which, on the way out, we had driven in the missionary jeep, and I was looking forward to getting back on to a good road. I had again become pretty weak, was feverish, and had a very peculiar sensation in the pit of my stomach. My appetite had vanished again, and I kept myself going on biscuits and occasional slices of papaya—a lovely melon-like tree-fruit that grows everywhere along the valley.

One of our cooks, who answered to the name of Warringer, had become very devoted to me after I had presented him with a few old razor blades, a splendid gift in these parts, and often when on the march he got me fresh turkey eggs for "kai-kai" (eating). One day, when I still had a magnificent appetite, I had really done honour to one of his dishes (that was just before I had had the unfortunate idea of going to see our food being prepared), and when, after the meal, I gave him a clap on the shoulder, he smiled and said: "Master big kai-kaiman!"

"Master Very Ill!"

Warringer now regarded me with an expression that grew more and more worried every day, and eventually, when at lunch I pushed my piled plate away untouched, he burst out with: "Master no big kai-kaiman longer; master very ill!"

I had first heard this expression "kai-kai" at the start of the expedition, in a connection that no doubt points to its original significance. In one village some of the inhabitants had done something to annoy Pondo, our head police-boy, and he had complained about them to Blood, concluding his harangue with the sentence: "Master, I could kai-kai this bloody bush kanakas!"

The excellent Pondo ended the expedition in a new and special elegance. Blood had a pair of white rubber boots with cloth legs, and having worn them into holes about a week before the end of the trip he gave them to Pondo. Pondo at once tried to thrust his gigantic feet into them, and when this proved impossible he found an ingenious solution of the problem. Having thoroughly inspected my cloth leggings, he simply cut away the worn rubber soles with his knife. He was now able to cram the rest over his legs and also do up the laces.

After that he could be seen every day, strutting at the head of the forward patrol, with those extraordinary gaiters round his ankles and the small of his legs, fully aware of the envious looks given him by the village snobs. The priceless thing was, however, that

LIFE WITH FATHER

My father always used to tell my brother and me: "If you do a thing at all, do it properly." Once, when we were in the south of France, learning to dive in a pool in the rocks, Father watched our splashy attempts with disgust written all over his face. When he could stand it no longer, he climbed on to a high rock and ordered us to study the way he did it.

He drew himself up to his full height, lifted his arms above his head, and did a lovely swallow dive. But he was fished out unconscious, and had to have six stitches put in his head.

The whole episode was so typical of Daddy—the superb gesture, and the anticlimax. He never looks before he leaps, literally and figuratively. If he plans anything it is not unusual to find some vital part completely left out of the reckoning.

Three years ago we were motor-ing through Switzerland when he discovered he had less than a franc between us and our reserves—a bunch of bananas, a bottle of fizz and a gallon of petrol in a tin. To add to our difficulties, he had forgotten to put water in the radiator, with the result that the engine nearly seized up on the Alps.

But luck has always dogged his adventures. We limped along for two hundred miles on what registered as an empty petrol tank, and when we did eventually stop, it was less than a hundred yards from our villa.

I have always looked upon Father as a friend rather than a parent. Our relationship has been adult and absolutely frank. I have gone to him with my problems, and he has come to me with his. I always told him about my boy friends.

For his part, he treated both Peter, my brother, and me with the dignity of equals. He never forbade drinking or smoking, believing that that was the quickest way to make us start. He was right, I think, as neither of us smoke, and we drink only in moderation.

Once, when we were in Paris, Daddy wondered whether we should be taken to the Folies Bergère. I was eight at the time; that wasn't so bad. But Peter was fourteen. Anyway, it was decided that the Folies was part of our education, and we went. It was a very lovely show, with a marvellous "real" waterfall, and the nudes came on, and we



goggled. Later Peter said he wanted to go backstage. Our parents exchanged glances. "That was a spiffing waterfall," he added, "I must see how it works."

My father has green fingers. Anything he plants will grow. When the war broke out, we were caught napping on the Riviera, and motored back in a wild dash across France. Food was suddenly scarce, and we lived almost entirely on tinned sardines and melons. But Daddy saved the melon seeds and planted them in the back garden, and in due course we had a crop of lovely sweet melons.

To me, his personality is that of a clown—full of fun and laughter, but at the same time rather pathetic. I remember that the first time I saw him on the stage he was being knocked about, the butt of everybody's jokes. The audience was laughing hilariously, and I was so furious that I made a scene and had to be taken out of the theatre.

His antics embarrassed me as a child. One day, in the monkey house at the Zoo, he started imitating a monkey, much to everybody's amusement; but my cheeks burned with shame. He was then at the height of his fame; I was born just after *Mr. Cinders*, one of his greatest successes. His tough days were over. We had three cars, a lovely home, and money was a problem of the past.

But I had to make my own bed, help to tidy up the house, learn to cook, and travel in buses and tubes.

He is now in his fifties, and still young enough to want to demonstrate how the odd athletic feat should be executed properly.

Who are the famous father and daughter? For their names—and the complete photograph—turn to page 35

the fashion caught on, and the younger porters tried to ape his smartness by plaiting themselves things like loose cuffs of fibre with a piece of news—or toilet—paper stuck in them, and wore these dangling round their ankles.

In Banz I watched a baby girl being tattooed. During the rest after lunch one day I heard a child screaming intermittently in a nearby hut. As the natives never inflict severe corporal chastisement on their children, I assumed that there had been an accident, and went to the hut.

Inside sat the mother holding the bellowing child, while an elderly man cut notches in the skin on the little girl's breast with a sliver of sharp mother-of-pearl. This was the beginning of the tattooing that most of the women have on their breast, each tribe having its own special design. The

from a war or a lengthy incursion into the forest to make their entry into the village a ceremonial occasion, and even in Nondugl this was done for the returning expedition. Just before we reached the farm, we made a protracted halt to allow the porters to get into their ceremonial garb. We then marched in, to the combined singing of the porters and ear-splitting shouts of joy from the women and children lining the way.

After our ceremonial entry, the porters deposited their loads in a large store, where they were at the same time handed their wages for the six weeks of the trip. This consisted of two or three large shells. Some of the married men exchanged one of theirs for a piece of lapp-lapp. The Papuans living anywhere near a mission station have in recent years discovered that their wives can be tiresomely insistent on having a piece of cloth to drape round their middles when going to church.

This is a very obvious start to a new era and a new order, under which perhaps even the Papuan women will demand more of life than childbearing and doing all the hard work.

Everything Went Black

For a week after the expedition's return to Nondugl my health became worse and worse. On several occasions, while bending in search of stone implements, I felt giddy. One day, when I was out alone and rooting among the stones, I suddenly found myself waking out of what felt like a deep sleep, but lying among the stones. I drew my hand across my face and saw that there was blood on my fingers. Evidently I had fainted and banged my head against a stone.

Half stupefied, I slowly crawled to the house. The moment I tried to get to my feet, everything went black in front of my eyes. When I reached the open space in front of the house, Blood took charge of me and had me carried to bed.

Dr. Giblin, whom I had consulted a few days previously and who had thought that I probably had a kind of malaria, now diagnosed severe gastric haemorrhage, requiring immediate blood transfusion. By radio they ordered a plane to fetch me early the next morning.

Never has a night passed so slowly for me as that one. Christmas was in the offing, and my thoughts were with my family at home, whom perhaps I should not see again.

Bedded Down In Plane

In the morning, my boys, among whom I had distributed parts of a well-worn tropical outfit, which I hoped would act as foundation stones to a successful bride-purchase, carried me to the little landing-ground, where I took sorrowful leave of Olga and Captain Ned Blood.

Old Dr. Giblin helped the pilot to bed me down on some blankets on the floor of the plane and insisted on coming with me "in case anything should happen," as he said. The rest of the floor-space was occupied by a collection of flowers in huge bundles which some planter at Goroka, where the plane refuelled, had asked the pilot to take to Lae. The association of ideas was most unpleasant.

An ambulance met the plane at the aerodrome at Lae and I was taken to the European Hospital, where Dr. Morley, its head, a pleasant Englishman who had been M.O. with the English forces in Norway, gave me an immediate transfusion of blood. And so I, who have practically never been ill, had to spend four hours on my back watching the container from which blood trickled drop by drop down through a rubber tube into my left arm.

Before the boys drew the mosquito-nets around the beds for the night and put out the lights, Dr. Morley gave me the best Christmas present I could have had, by saying: "If nothing unexpected happens, I shall have you cured in five weeks." THE END

Alfred Vogel's book will be published on June 26 by Arthur Barker Ltd., under the title "Papuans and Pygmies," at 16s.

THE PLOUGHING MATCH

Continued from page 14

cup which Robert had won outright. He had nowhere to show it, and had been glad when Mr. James offered to put the cup in the sanctity of the parlour.

Robert had been with Mr. James for twenty years and they were more old friends than master and servant; though the one still gave the orders, rather kindly, and the other obeyed them, rather meekly. But Cefn Farm was very definitely home to Robert, a place where he had his rights and privileges, and a bedroom of his own.

With the boom years of agriculture, and the great mechanization of the land which the war had brought about, many of the farms in the parish began to use tractors and multiple-furrow ploughs. Great pastures were ploughed up between dawn and dusk, for the tractors never tired as did the old horse teams. And there was none of the feeding and rubbing down which was necessary before a horse ploughman could have his own food and relaxation.

The work which the young men did with the tractors was tidy and neat; except for the wheel marks in the headlands and sidelands, there was not much to show that the work had been done with oil and petrol rather than with sweat and sinew. But there were some differences in the execution of the work. The old ploughmen whistled and sang to their horses, a relic from the days when the ox-teams had needed the companionship of the voice of their master. No tractor driver ever whistled or sang. And in the old days the crows had flown behind the opened-up earth, seeking for worms; no birds followed the tractor ploughs.

And there was some difference in the ploughmen, too. The old horse ploughmen had walked home singing, happy men in the afternoon's light. The tractors were driven home with their sidelights on, gruff and oily-faced young men on the bouncing iron seats.

ROBERT'S master, Mr. James, remained loyal for some years to the old way of ploughing. He was very much a practical farmer in all other directions, and had tractors and a combine for the wheat. He even let out a good deal of his ploughing to a contractor, but allowed Robert and the horses to do as much as they could before the mechanics came.

But in time progress becomes more militant than sentiment. After a while Mr. James began to realize that he was becoming old fashioned, that he was the last farmer in the parish who worked the uneconomical horse-team for ploughing.

It was the schedule of the local ploughing match which brought the matter home to him. He was one of the sponsors of the event, and this year the competitions were to be held on one

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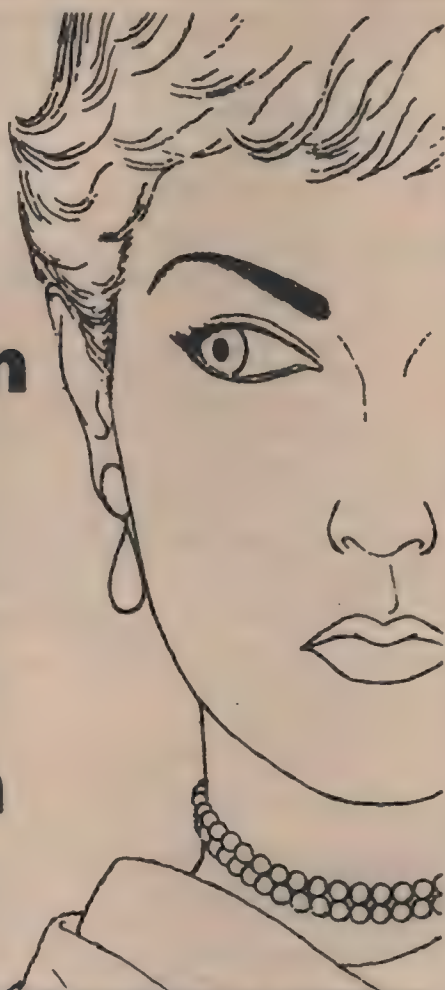
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THE WORLD'S ONLY GORDON YOUNG U.V. ACTIVATED CHLOROPHYLL

of the Cefn fields, each of the sponsors lending land each autumn for the event.

Now, sitting in his little parlour at his desk, Mr. James was reading the schedule which had come with the morning's post. The late September sunshine was weak in the room. From the depths of the house the women could be heard in the kitchen, the radio a little less than the sounds of the milking machines being sterilized.

Mr. James was a calm, tall man, wearing always breeches and leggings and only dressing up in lounge suits on a Sunday, or to attend the meetings of the National Farmers Union in London, to which he was the local delegate.

He opened the schedule and saw that this year there was a small note from the secretary:

"In view of the lack of possible entrants to give a worthwhile flavour of competition, there will be no horse-ploughing section this year."

MR. JAMES remembered then the sad committee at which this decision was reached. He had meant to tell Robert, but his kind heart had delayed the day. For Robert had always tried these competitions and had always won against all comers. Last year only one other had tried against him, a youth who had since been called to the army.

Mr. James filled up the forms and documents which had come with the post and then went out to tell Robert the news.

He found the old ploughman making feed for the horses at the chaff-cutter. Robert was turning the handle himself, the slicing blades kibbling up the straw into confetti pieces.

"Good morning, Robert."

Stiffly the old man straightened up, a hand resting on his aching back; the autumn wind twittered at the edges of the sack apron which was slung from his neck with two cords of binder twine.

"Morning, Mister James. It is a fair morning."

"Yes. You were going to carry on with the glebe field?"

"That I was planning, Mister James. I want to make a good job of her, seeing as the ploughing matches will be held on the next field. And you knows how folks stares and makes comparisons."

Mr. James smiled, and reaching out a hand, played with the even edges of a bale of straw. Robert was quick to sense that there was some message, for he put a thick-skinned hand up to the corner of his mouth and pulled at his pale lip, worriedly.

They said nothing to each other for a while, and then the farmer sat on the bale of straw.

"I had the schedule of the ploughing matches this morning, Robert."

"Oh, Mister James? It's good to think that they will be on our land this year. I'll be reckoning that young spark with his streamlined tractor won't make so good a showing on that slope of land as he did on the flat last year. Remember how he loaded his plough with fifty-six-pound weights to get an even keel? Reckon that sort of thing is more like sailing a ship than ploughing a furrow, Mister James."

"Ships and ploughs have a lot in common, Robert."

"In the old days, I reckon so, Mister James. Horse-ploughs were like sailing ships, had no motors in them."

"And today there are no more sailing ships, Robert."

The old ploughman pushed the handle of the chaff-cutter slowly round. A few strands of straw were cut with a slow crunch, were caught by the wind and went twisting over the wall among the falling leaves of the apple trees.

"You mean, Mister James, that there is to be no horse-ploughing in the match this year?"

"Fraid so, Robert. It seems that there won't be enough people around who would want to have a go. Times are altering on the land."

The old man said nothing, nothing at all.

The farmer put an arm on his shoulder.

"You're upset, Robert."

"It had to come and be this way, Mister James," the ploughman said

after a while; and then: "They'll be able to look over the hedge, anyway, and see my work."

The farmer paused a little. "I want Cefn to prosper, Robert. With the speed of things today I think that we're doing ploughing the dear way, having the contractor."

"I suppose that is true, Mister James."

"I don't want to lose you. I only want the ploughing here to be done speedily and quickly and economically."

"What will I do, Mister James?" the old man said.

"You must stay on and help about the place, Robert."

"And the horses?"

"If I was a hard man I'd be selling them to make horsemeat in Manchester. But I'm too much in love with the old life to do that. We'll keep them on, too. They can pull a load of muck sometimes or take milk to meet the lorry, or turnips to the cattle."

"They'll find it strange doing those sort of jobs, Mister James; they are used to proud work."

"It's not of my own choosing to have things done this way. It's that we're living in fast times and if we get left behind, we get buried, Robert."

"You'll buy a new special plough for one of the tractors?"

"And I'll hire a driver. By the time the ploughing match is held here I want to be a modern. Better leave the glebe field today, Robert. Better leave it and do a bit of fencing by the lane. You know, where the ash fell. And put the horses out to graze. They can do with a rest."

Mr. James stood up from the bale. "I don't like it this way, Robert, you know that?"

"I do indeed, master, I do indeed. It's the fault of the times. I forgive you, but not the times."

They smiled at each other rather wanly, and then Mr. James went back to the desk in the room where Robert's cup stood on the mantelpiece. The old ploughman finished the chaff-cutting and turned out the horses. Then he went with leather gloves and bill-hook to put thorns in the gap of the lane by the fallen ash tree. It was a job which he did clumsily.

THE new driver came, and with him ploughs and harrows. He was a youth wearing blue overalls who had a cigarette in his mouth all day. He lived four miles away and travelled to and from Cefn Farm on a motor cycle.

Robert was civil to him and watched with interest the speed with which the youth did the ploughing. The old man tried to give the youth a few tips, but the lad laughed him off with a joke about "blood-and-sweat furrows." The old ploughman filled his days with odd jobs about the farm: sack mending, rabbit catching, whitewashing, drain cleaning.

But although he did these jobs to the best of his ability Robert was unhappy at them. Often in the day he went to speak the old familiar words

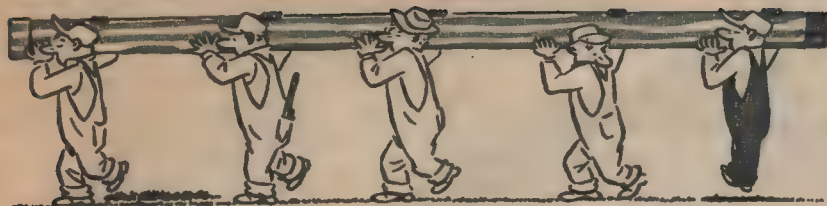
THE HUMAN MACHINE

Laugh first!

WHEN you feel you are going to be insulted, try to insult yourself first. This takes the sting out of the attack completely and, practised sufficiently, will give you a grand sense of humour.

The ability to laugh at yourself is one of the arts of life. It stops you from becoming a prig, saves you from being a pompous ass, and keeps you balanced and sane.

by ROFFE THOMPSON



of encouragement to his two horses. They were seemingly as lost as he was, and walked about the meadow close together as if still in harness.

It was on the day before the ploughing matches that the young tractor driver came up to old Robert in the stackyard and said, rather shyly: "Care to be my marker tomorrow?"

"Marker, Tom? What do you mean?"

"Marker's the man a driver aims for when ploughing a champion furrow."

"You are going to try the ploughing?"

"Of course. Mr. James not told you? I got five cups back home."

"Won outright, Tom?"

"Suppose so. I've ploughed as far afield as Cornwall and Nottingham."

"But you have to have a marker? When I was there was no need for that."

"Tractor's different, that's all. Like aiming with a gun. The marker directs a chap if he's veering."

"So you have to trust the marker, Tom?"

"That's right, that's why I'm asking you. Mr. James says you're to be trusted. I trust you, too."

"Right, then, Tom, I'll be your marker." The old man answered without hesitation.

ROBERT slept little that night. In his mind he could see a devil and an angel. The devil told him that he could make Tom lose the match by directing wrongly. The angel said that Robert could make the lad win, and thus bring fame to Cefn Farm and honour to Mr. James.

The day of the championship ploughing matches came flushed with autumn sunshine. It was a farmers' holiday. Tents had been set up and stalls exhibited the tools and products of various firms of agricultural engineers and sundriesmen. There were refreshments and demonstrations; and a great friendly crowd of farmers and farm-workers, with their wives and daughters.

Each competitor was given his numbered section of the field, drawn by lot, to plough. Then there was much adjusting of ploughs and aligning of levers.

Tom had been given an outside, smooth tract of land. Old Robert was with him, and their master. Mr. James had little to say to either of them.

"Do your best, lad"—and he then looked very directly at Robert—"and carry on the tradition which Robert began."

The competitors started work, and Robert stood where Tom had put him, watching the straight and correct ploughing of the intent lad on the throbbing tractor. Sometimes Robert gave a slow wave of his hand, sometimes a nod. There were two sorts of loyalty in him this day: the one to Cefn Farm, the other to that art of straight ploughing.

Neighbours came to watch; some spoke kindly to Robert or praised the work of Tom. After a few hours the judging started, and while that was on Tom did not wander off to talk to friends of his own age, but stayed with Robert. The two of them sat on the bank under the hedge, and Mr. James brought them both tea and sandwiches from the refreshment marquee with his own hands.

At four o'clock the cups and the certificates were brought out from the secretary's tent and put on a baize-covered trestle table. Behind it sat the members of the committee with the judges in a rather self-conscious huddle on raised benches.

Tom said to Robert: "We had better go and know the verdict."

"It is the worst time of all the

day, Tom. I know the old ache well." They took a last look at their furrows, the top of the ridges gleaming in the low sun.

"They look beauties, Tom."

Tom smiled. "Perhaps one of the judges has a cross eye."

They laughed together and like father and son went at the old man's pace to join the crowd outside the secretary's tent. There, the chairman of the judges was already speaking. He was reading from notes, now praising, now criticizing, but always constructive and kind.

"Here we are," whispered Robert. "Here comes number twenty-two."

Looking down to the trampled grass, Robert and Tom listened.

The chairman of the judges read out: "Fine, straight and well-banked furrows. Masterly direction and even turning. A beautiful job, a credit to the competitor."

Tom took hold of Robert's hand like a small boy.

The chairman of the judges was shuffling his papers. "Now the marks." He read the awards in ascending order, giving the losing competitors first. And then: "Twenty-two is the winner, ladies and gentlemen, with ninety-eight marks out of a hundred."

A pause. The secretary of the competition came forward and looked at his list.

"Number twenty-two is Tom Phillips, from Cefn Farm. Come forward, Tom Phillips."

The crowd applauded, and Tom went to receive the handshakes and the praise, the certificate and the prize cup. Robert remained at the back of the crowd.

Someone called for a speech from Tom. The lad blushed, and then raised his voice hesitantly.

"Ladies and gentlemen. It is an honour to have had this cup and I shall look after it. I should like to say what an honour it is also for me to take the cup home to Cefn Farm. We had the cup every year, as you will know. Our Robert is a very clever ploughman, but there are no horses these days. That's all."

SHYLY, Tom stepped back with the cup. The secretary led the clapping and then held his hand up for silence. Then he spoke:

"Ladies and gentlemen. I'm sure you will agree with what the committee decided at their last meeting. We have had a special medal struck which we intend to award each year to someone who has made an outstanding contribution to the cause of agriculture in this district. We have unanimously decided that the first medal should go to Robert Evans, of this farm, where we are today holding the championships. He has served agriculture well, and the cause of ploughing has been his life-long devotion."

The old ploughman moved slowly to the front and stood just in front of Tom. There he was given the medal in its plush case by the secretary, and there was loud cheering.

After that the other, secondary, awards of the ploughing matches were made and all the winners, and Robert, had their photograph taken for the local paper. Tom held his cup and certificate, and Robert his medal, very proudly. They walked together from the field and on the main road were picked up by Mr. James in his car, to be taken to tea in the parlour of Cefn.

On the journey to the farmhouse no one spoke very much. It had been a day of unreasonable sweetness and delights. Only the years could lessen the magic of it; but not even time could sour the triumph which the oldest of the three had made over himself this autumn day.

THE END

No thanks

Mum,
no breakfast

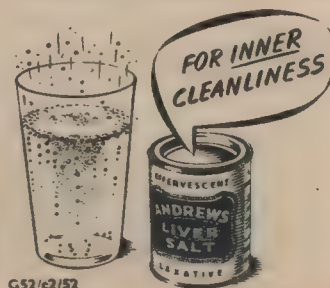
WHO'D BE A MOTHER?

You've no sooner said goodbye to winter than spring starts breaking up the happy home. Here's Janet off her food again. But this year I know what to do about it. Go quickly young woman, and help yourself to the Andrews. I'll not have my family under the weather.

Mum knows the answer to these change-of-season upsets. A morning glass of Andrews.

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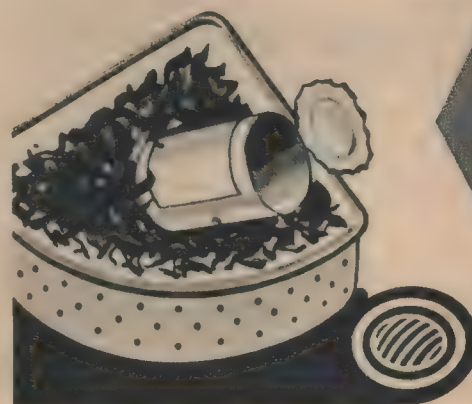
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AIRLINE GIRLS TAKE THEIR CUE FROM PAMELA

Continued from page 13

girl, and polled passengers to find whether they would mind if men replaced the girls. An overwhelming majority of women, as well as men, voted for keeping the girls, so they stayed.

Pamela takes her classes to a West End beauty salon to learn how to keep make-up fresh in the sweltering heat of the Mediterranean and the bitter cold of winter in Norway.

In the classroom at Northolt Airport, where she has had seats from aircraft installed to create the right atmosphere, she and various specialists give lessons on such diverse topics as the way to open champagne in a plane ("wrap it in a napkin, grip the cork hard, turn the bottle extra slowly because altitude adds to its bubbliness, and hold on to the cork so that it won't hit a passenger"); how to take a long time over bringing another drink to a passenger who has drunk too much already; the layout of aeroplanes; currency exchange; and midwifery.

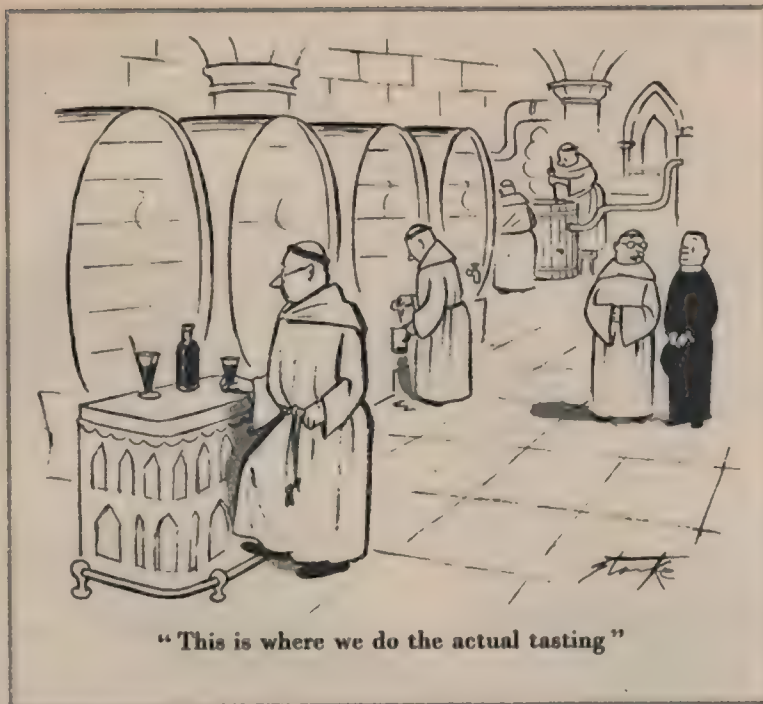
Her only encounter with the last was when a woman climbed aboard wrapped in a voluminous coat and mentioned casually: "I'm expecting my baby today." Pamela got out the emergency medical kit and stood by.

"But when we reached Northolt there was still no sign of the baby's arrival. I remember clipping my nails flat and thinking 'what a pity,' as I was going to a dance that night."

Girls get £5 15s. a week while training. This increases to £8 12s. 6d. after training. Seniors get up to £11.

An important part of training concerns accidents. Stewardesses are taught to inspire confidence and to make the passengers act as sensibly as possible in an emergency.

Quick thinking by a stewardess



"This is where we do the actual tasting"

saved a nasty situation last summer when a Viking made ready to land at Northolt. A leak had developed in the hydraulic system which operates the undercarriage, and there was not enough liquid left to lower it. More liquid was needed. The stewardess said: "How about my tea and coffee?"

It was hurriedly poured in, but proved insufficient. "Well, I'll use my bar stock," she said, and she poured in all the lemonade and soda-water. There was still not enough, so she opened the cans of beer. The beer did the trick, and the undercarriage worked perfectly.

After the first two weeks of their

six-week course, Pamela's trainees take the air. Each girl flies with an experienced steward who reports back on her behaviour. One of the girls said afterwards that she did not know what to do when, as she was serving a meal, she found a passenger asleep.

Pamela advised: "If it's a long trip, I'd let him sleep, but if it's a short flight and you estimate he will get into London too late to get a meal, give him a quiet shake."

Another trainee reported: "We took a dog to Malta in a sealed kennel, and stopped at Rome. I knew he mustn't be let out, but the passengers made a great fuss. 'Oh, the poor dog

is in a terrible state,' they said. I was right to leave him, wasn't I?"

"Indeed you were," answered Pamela. "If you had let him out he would have had to stay in quarantine for six months."

To the disappointment of the romantic, Pamela has to tell her pupils the truth about the chances of marrying a passenger. "Ten stewardesses married last year, but not one of them married a man she met when he was a passenger. European flights take only a few hours, and that is rarely time to get to know a passenger well enough to make a date—especially as most of the time is spent in the galley or serving food."

Most of the girls marry pilots or ground-staff, or their own off-duty boy friends. A B.E.A. official says: "Girls with the high qualifications of looks, intelligence and capabilities, plus the training we give them, could not very easily remain spinsters."

But many girls complain that their duty hours are too irregular to allow them any social life; they find it difficult to make appointments, and when off duty they are often too tired to do anything but rest.

The easiest passengers, says Pamela, are the Royal Family. "They are so appreciative of everything one does. And, of course, they usually have some of their staff travelling with them, which makes things easier for us."

During one flight in bad weather she was approached by an Indian. "Which way is the east?" he demanded. When Pamela told him, he said: "Please help me. I am a Mohammedan and I must pray." He produced a prayer mat and Pamela helped him to lay it on the swaying floor of the aircraft. The captain happened to come back, and saw him at prayer. "Tell him we're quite safe," he instructed Pamela.

She did so after he rose. He replied: "I was sure of that, but I must always pray at noon." THE END

THE MARAS AFFAIR

Continued from page 10

frightened when I told him who was with you. He ran away. He said he would wait in the café across the road. He told me the dentist would do nothing for him till next week. I don't believe he went to the man."

"You look scared yourself," Burton was studying her closely. "We've nothing to fear from Sesnik. What is it?"

"Sokolny." Her gaze fell away from his. "I don't trust him. If Sesnik gets hold of him, he will talk. He will say anything. He has no courage."

"What is he to talk about?"

She hesitated. "I have no knowledge, but I may suspect. Do you understand?" She closed her eyes for a moment, then met his gaze frankly. "I have put myself in your hands."

At that moment he was suspicious of her, but he did not allow the fact to show in his face.

"You encourage Sokolny in dangerous work," she went on. "He brings you tales and rumours. Yesterday he brought you the tale of an escape plan."

"That's what I employ him for. His tales are safe enough with me," Burton laughed. "Go home and put on your Sunday best. I have two seats for the ballet."

HER face did not alter to meet his change of mood. "I've already arranged," she said. "I will find somewhere to stand."

He picked up the tickets and glanced at them. "First tier," he remarked. "They'll be giving us the State Box next. Do you want to waste such a chance to see your friend? Come! We'll send a big bouquet of red roses, from Anna and her boss. You run off home. I'll go to the flower shop."

She agreed without enthusiasm, but when he met her at the Opera House, the excitement of the occasion had seized her.

Burton watched her in the glow from the great stage. The music of

Tchaikovsky pulsed through the theatre, but he hardly heard it. He was absorbed in the girl beside him, finding an unfamiliar beauty in the sweep of her hair from her brow, in the fine lines of her profile, the slightly parted lips. He could also sense the tension in her.

He made an effort to give attention to the ballet. The moment for Babette's entrance was near. Anna leaned forward, expectantly. Burton found himself in a curious state of anxiety.

Babette seemed a tiny figure on that enormous stage, solitary, isolated in the white glare of the converging spots that followed her movements. She was airy and graceful, she had a dark, youthful loveliness, but there was an effect of effort in her work. The swan princess was without soul. She moved down stage on twinkling points. Then something went wrong.

An audible gasp came from some of the audience. Burton felt Anna's fingers close tightly on his forearm and heard the whisper of a shocked exclamation. For a fraction of time a terrified Babette stood flat-soled in her ballet shoes. Then the prince masked her fault, moved towards her with a commanding gesture, and she was on her toes again. She went on without further fault, but Burton could see that her work was dead. She was straining to remember each sequence of steps, and when the curtain fell the little applause, polite or sympathetic, was cut off by a buzz of talk.

Anna was white-faced, suffering for her friend. "I must speak to her," she said. "She must pull herself together."

They joined the throng that moved towards the foyer.

"Shall I come with you?" he asked.

"They will not let you in. They are very strict. For me it is different. I am known. Please wait here for me. I'll not be long."

She moved away quickly and people came between them. When he reached the staircase she was halfway down. She paused in the crush to draw on the coat which she had brought from the

auditorium. Two young men pushed through the crowd and spoke to her. They were both solemn-faced, and Burton thought that they, too, must be concerned about the fiasco of Babette Trepleva's debut.

One of the men grasped Anna by the elbow and went down the stairs with her. The other man watched them, then followed slowly.

She did not return to her seat for the second act, but he was not immediately worried. She had decided, he thought, to remain with her friend, to encourage her. Certainly, when Babette returned to the stage there was an astonishing change in her. She was an artist, sure of her technique, confident in the effect of every gesture and step. The audience was quick in appreciation. The curtain brought unstinted applause.

BURTON looked vainly round the great house for Anna, but still she did not return. He felt a touch of annoyance, but there was nothing he could do but wait. His annoyance grew to anger. The third act started. Anger passed to anxiety, and, before the final curtain fell, he was full of fear. He rose in the darkened theatre and started along the aisle. When he reached the foyer he realized that the performance had just ended: the crowd in the auditorium was cheering the new ballerina.

He still looked for Anna, hoping that she was waiting for him, but the foyer was deserted. Out under the portico he hesitated a moment, then strode along the street to the rear of the theatre. When he turned the corner, he saw her near the stage door. The man who had gone with her from the foyer was holding her by one arm, possessively, with the possessiveness of a guardian.

An old car, battered and scarred, passed slowly along the street towards the stage door and pulled up at the kerb. The possessive man, the guardian, drew Anna away from the doorway.

Burton called her name. She turned and saw him, hesitated, then took a step towards him. The guardian

restrained her. Burton ran, but he was still some distance off. He saw the car door open. An arm reached out to grasp the girl as the guardian hustled her across the pavement. She was drawn and pushed into the vehicle, the guardian followed her, the door was slammed, and the car moved off.

Burton ran after the car, hoping against hope that he would find an auto-cab at the end of the street; that he might follow and overtake the car. He saw the red tail-light disappear round the corner. When he reached the corner there was no auto-cab and the car was out of sight.

He stood for a moment in the dark street, panting, and then, abruptly, turned back to the theatre. Perhaps Babette would know more about this.

He tried to see Babette, but the elderly doorkeeper would do nothing to help him. It was forbidden. Strangers were not admitted. Friends must wait outside.

Burton waited in the crowd that formed round the stage door, only to learn in the end that Babette had left the building by one of the side exits.

Anna had a room on the western edge of the city. Burton found an auto-cab and gave the driver the address. The janitress told him that Anna had not come in yet.

The conviction that she was in danger became stronger and stronger, and there was nothing he could do about it.

He went to the Metropole and drank whisky.

WHEN he entered the office next morning, Sokolny told him that Anna had telephoned. Her father was sick and she had had to go to him.

Her father? It might be true. He realized, with a sense of dismay, how little he knew about the girl. Sokolny provided the information that the father was Anton Maras, formerly professor of modern history at the university. From the university it was learned that Anton Maras was living in retirement at a place called Tolnitz.

Little was added to Burton's knowledge, nothing taken from his suspicion. He went once more to the

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ADDRESS

house where Anna Maras had her room. "She has not been in," the janitress informed him. "Perhaps she has gone to Tolnitz. She goes sometimes."

On the way back to the office his cab was followed by a small black car. He gave a new direction to his driver, and a little later changed it again. The car was still following when the cab pulled up at the office building.

ON the pretext of writing an article on the new ballerina, he arranged to see Babette Trepleva at the opera house during the afternoon. He had met Babette briefly in a teashop with Anna, but when he was brought to her in the ballet school she gave no sign of recognition. She seemed very nervous. They had only a moment alone, when the official interpreter went in search of pictures.

Burton caught at the moment. In a low voice, speaking in French, which he knew she spoke well, he asked: "What has happened to Anna?"

Babette looked round anxiously. "We must not talk here," she said. "It is dangerous. Tonight I will be at home. Thirty-nine, Katerina Street. Make sure you are not followed."

He made sure. He left the office at seven, walked to his hotel, went up to

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IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

his floor, then, unobserved, hurried along the corridor and down the service stairs and out by a rear doorway. Two tests satisfied him that he was not being followed, and he then joined the queue at a bus stop.

The house in Katerina Street was an apartment building in the old style, slightly pretentious in a middle-class way and more than a little dilapidated. After the clear, crisp air of the November night, it had a stuffy smell of steam heat and oil on parquet floors, but Burton was used to it by the time he had climbed four flights to the Treplev flat.

A small, grey-haired man, worried-looking, unfriendly, opened the door. Possibly a government clerk in one of the higher categories.

He said, resentfully: "My daughter expects you. You may come in." It might have been: "You are here to bring trouble upon us, but I cannot prevent you."

Babette came. She was in a grave mood that lent an almost tragic overtone to her dark loveliness.

She said: "Monsieur Burton, I gave you this address because I have a very urgent request to make. I want you to leave me alone, and I know that Anna wishes the same for herself."

"Does she say so? Is that a message from her?"

"She would say it if she were here. As it is, I have to say it to you. We have our own lives in this country. How we live them is our affair. You have to get news for your paper, but you will not wish to make things difficult for us. You have been kind to Anna and I know you are friendly to me. I know you would help us if you could, but it is impossible."

"Why is it impossible?"

"Monsieur Burton, you are under

suspicion. I have heard that you were called to the Police Judiciary. Innocent people will be involved if you try to interfere in things you do not understand. You may be watched, I don't know."

"I'm being watched all right," Burton admitted, "but I know positively that I was not followed tonight."

She nodded slowly. "I suppose I am too nervous, but we are all so nervous. Sesnik knows that I am a friend of Anna's, but that is all. He has left me alone."

"Does that mean that Anna is under suspicion? Where is she? What has happened to her?"

"I don't know. I can tell you nothing, monsieur."

"You must have some idea. Where did she go when she left you last night?"

"I thought she was going back to you. Perhaps she is at Tolnitz with her father. You will hear from her when it is possible."

He could get nothing more out of her and it was obvious that she wanted him to go. When he rose, she moved towards the door of the room. She had left it ajar. Now she opened it widely, then stood still with her hand on the knob. Burton heard a key inserted in the lock of the flat door across the narrow hall. The door was thrust open and a man entered quickly. He was muffled up in a coat with a high collar and a felt hat was pulled low over his brow, but Burton saw something of his face.

"You!" Babette cried out in alarm. "Why have you come here?"

Burton blinked and looked again. The man was Trovic. He had shaved off his small moustache and it seemed that his hair, from the little that was visible, had become flaxen, but Burton was positive about his identity.

Trovic pushed past Babette and disappeared down the dark, narrow passage beyond the hall.

The girl spoke to Burton. "You must go now. Please!"

He moved hesitantly. She closed the flat door gently, so that it made no sound.

In the street again, Burton had a feeling that all eyes were watching him, but new tests showed that no one was on his trail. Down by the canal he found a cab that had just discharged a fare.

"Take me to Tolnitz," he instructed the driver. "The home of Professor Maras, outside Tolnitz. When you get there, ask."

The journey to Tolnitz took a half-hour. In a few more minutes the driver stopped at a gateway to a property that looked like a walled-off remnant of woodland. Burton found the house behind a screen of trees and overgrown shrubs in what had once been a terraced garden. It was a large, two-storeyed house, white in the moonlight, and with a deserted look.

HE rang the doorbell, and was about to ring a second time when a lamp was switched on in the hall. The door opened a fraction, held on a chain, and Burton answered a thin-voiced inquiry by giving his name. He was admitted by a white-haired man in a much-worn dressing-gown.

"I am Anton Maras," the old man said in English. "I have heard of you from my daughter. I am honoured by your visit, even if I have to say that it is unexpected. This way, please. My study is the only warm place. We are short of fuel."

The long room was lined with tall, heavy bookcases. The floor was dark with a faded red carpet. A great desk, burdened with books and papers, stood close to the tiled stove, and the only light came from a green-shaded standard lamp on one side of the desk. There was a mustiness of books in the air and the smell of cooked paprika. A saucepan stood on the top ledge of the stove.

Burton said: "I understood you were ill, sir. I came to inquire about you and to ask when Anna would return to the office."

"Anna?" Maras repeated the name



"Tell them not to be afraid"

with a questioning inflection. "Ah, Anna! I am sorry, it is these sudden attacks. The only thing about them is that they pass quickly."

"Then it's true that Anna came to you last night?"

"Why should it not be true?"

There was evasion in the manner as well as in the words. Burton felt an irritation that ran towards anger. He could not get anywhere with these people—they were full of retreats and evasions. Better say nothing more. Better get out while he could. . . .

Instead, he said: "Perhaps you'll permit me to speak to Anna."

"She is not here," Maras said it quite casually, with even a suggestion of indifference. "Please sit down, Mr. Burton. I have been wanting to talk to you for some time. Draw up to the stove."

BURTON wanted to talk about Anna, but the thin voice was launched upon a curious preamble. "Years ago, Mr. Burton, I had a very dear friend. He is dead to me now, and I sometimes think he is dead to himself. He has become an apparatus, a symbol. He is a recluse like myself, but next week he will emerge. He will drive into the city and the people will cheer his name."

"You mean the president?"

"Yes. We were at the university together. . . . But I forget. We were speaking of my daughter. Do you know that her mother died in your country while I was on a lecture tour? Anna was happy in England. My wife's sister wished her to stay with her in London, but she was eager to come home with me, to rejoin her brother. Peter was three years her senior and she had always idolized him."

Maras paused a moment, closing his eyes.

Burton said: "I didn't know she had a brother."

The old man ignored the interruption. "So we came home just in time for the outbreak of war. Anna was thirteen then. Later we had the Nazi invasion, and before the end she was old enough to follow her brother and join the Resistance. Even the children learned to kill Nazis. I don't mean that Anna carried a gun. That was Peter's part. He was a leader. They caught him and tortured him and left his body in the gutter."

Burton waited through another pause. He said nothing.

"Anna became hard and bitter. She was there when anyone was needed for a dangerous task. The war had become a personal war, and when the enemy fled in defeat, I had a terrible anxiety for her. She had specialized in planned hatred, and that takes a long while to get over. But Anna was all right. She had passed through her grief and could look forward to realizing a new life. She took the transition easier than some of her comrades. It was not so easy to take the political schisms that followed. The fanatics raised a clamour, demanding loyalty to this and that, and their fanaticism has not

diminished. It is the inevitable harvest, Mr. Burton. I don't know where Anna stands today. I don't know how she evades or satisfies the conflicting demands. I know that she is sane and good, and I wish she were out of it, back in London. She has given up enough of her youth. It is time she married and settled down to the proper business of a young woman."

"She seems to like her work," Burton remarked uneasily.

"I worry about her," Maras frowned again. "It is because you have been a good friend that I appeal to you, Mr. Burton. Try to get her out of it. I will persuade her to leave me, if you will help. You see my precarious state. Tomorrow a sudden attack may end it. Or there may be an accident. I grow very forgetful. I have this drug, you see." He produced a small bottle of tablets from a pocket of his gown. "Sometimes I have great difficulty in remembering whether I have taken it. You see . . . ?"

"Haven't you better count the tablets so that you'll be sure?" Burton said sharply.

But the old man was off at a tangent. "Perhaps if I appeal to President Riecke I can myself arrange matters for her."

"If you know him so well."

"Yes. I thank you for your visit, Mr. Burton. You must forgive me for keeping you so long. I am sure Anna will return to work in the morning." He stood up abruptly.

SHE did not return. Sokolny, oozing self-pity, came in with a swollen jaw and Burton packed him off, insisting that he should see a dentist.

Snow was falling and lifting and waltzing outside the window—the first snow. Burton tried to do some necessary work, but could not concentrate. He picked up the phone and asked for a number.

"Settembrini?" he inquired. "This is Burton. I wish to see you. . . . After lunch? Fine."

The Italian was usually a source of information. He knew everybody and everything, but nobody seemed to know much about him, except that he had come to the country about thirty years ago, had married, settled down and built up a business as a press photographer. The Propaganda Ministry found him invaluable. Settembrini could produce tougher proletarians against more dramatic cloud effects than any other photographer, and his portraits of government notabilities had been published round the world.

"Maras?" Settembrini considered. "One of the old-school liberals. Maras and Riecke were together in the Resistance, active in underground journalism. They were said to be the brains of the movement against the invader, but myself, I doubt if there is a milligramme of cerebral matter in the revered president's head. Soon after he was pushed into office, he quarrelled with Maras over the political set-up, yet he saw to it that Maras got

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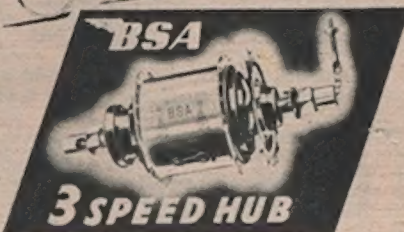
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a pension and a house to live in. A decent old man."

They chatted for half an hour, but nothing useful emerged. Settembrini knew, or said he knew, nothing of Pero Trovic.

Following the snow flurry of the morning, the afternoon was bright and clear. Burton had a feeling that a shadow walked with him, observing all his movements. There was a small man with a grey moustache behind him, not troubling whether he was seen or not. Back in the office, Burton looked from the window. The small man was not in sight, but a figure in a doorway fifty yards down the street seemed oddly familiar.

Sokolny came in, still nursing his jaw, but minus three of the troublesome teeth. He held out an envelope. "This was pushed through the slot," he said.

It was marked "Confidential" and addressed in spidery printing to Charles Burton. Inside was a ticket for that night's performance of *Prince Igor* at the Opera. Box B, Seat Four, Grand Tier. A slip of paper was inscribed in a well-known hand: "Please use this. A."

Suddenly he had the clue to the lounge in the doorway fifty yards down the street. He was the man who had hustled Anna Maras into the battered car and driven off with her.

Soon after the performance of *Prince Igor* started, the box attendant tapped Burton on the shoulder, beckoned him to follow, ushered him through a pass-door from the auditorium to the stage side of the house, and left him in the hands of a Polovtsian girl in a dress of barbaric splendour. The girl spoke in the voice of Babette Trepleva.

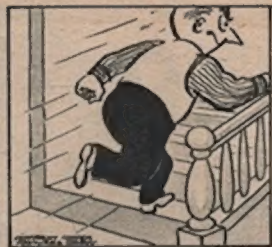
"Follow me." She touched his hand, then went swiftly on ahead of him, down a short flight of stairs. At the end of the passage Babette opened a door, and Burton saw Anna Maras. "I will come back for you, monsieur," Babette said.

ANNA closed the door, shutting out all sound from orchestra and stage. She said: "I hope you will forgive me. I heard from Babette of the trouble you have taken, or I would not have dared to bring you here."

He wanted to hold her, to communicate by touch the relief he felt at seeing her. He wished to say how anxious he had been and how glad he was that she was safe. Instead, he asked her a question that must have seemed querulous at least. "Are all these precautions necessary?"

"We know you have been watched," she answered. "We learned during the Resistance that we could

OH, JOHNNY!



not be too careful. We had to make sure that you were not followed."

We, we, we! Relief in him gave way to something like bitterness. "So you were working with Trovic all the time," he said. "You knew what he was doing."

"No." She shook her head in slight irritation. "I suspected nothing till Sesnik telephoned. Then I became anxious for friends; for my father and myself. It was impossible to rejoin you at the ballet."

"What are you going to do now? Are you in hiding?"

"It is a precaution." Her voice pleaded for patience in him. "I had to make sure. If Sesnik takes Sokolny in charge and makes him talk. . . . That is why I had to see you. Tomorrow I will be at Tolnitz. Then, if Sokolny is still safe, I must return to the office. Otherwise Sesnik will be more suspicious."

"Very well. I'll see to it. I'll come to Tolnitz for you tomorrow evening." She shook her head. "You must keep out of it."

"It's too late to tell me that." She reached for his hand and gripped it tightly for an instant. Then, Babette was back at the door.

"You must come now," she said. "All right." He turned to Anna. "What time shall I be at Tolnitz?"

She hesitated, then gave way. "I should be ready by seven. If you do not come, I shall know it is unsafe."

Babette was his guide again. They were cut off from the pass-door by someone on the stairway, but Babette was resourceful. She drew him along another passage, opened a door, and he found himself in the night on a balustraded platform near the rear of the great theatre. He hurried round to the front entrance, reclaimed his things from the cloakroom and left the building.

Turning over in his mind the words of Anna, he began to worry about Sokolny. He saw the man shifting from one foot to another, teetering between loyalty and treachery. The image might be without validity, but

Burton wanted to rid himself of it. He needed company, needed to find touch with the normal. Attridge might be at the Metropole, or Mervan of the *Paris Presse*. Anyone would do.

The bar was pretty full: the usual bunch of army officers and airmen, a sprinkling of the superior civil servants, some distinguished visitors from across the eastern frontiers, women at the tables.

He looked round for a familiar face and saw Sesnik coming towards him.

SESNIK's fat hand descended affectionately on Burton's shoulder. "My dear friend! I am relieved to see you. I am having some trouble with your poor Sokolny."

"Sokolny!" Burton felt as if something had hit him.

"He is over in the corner. I'm afraid he has had too much to drink. Just a trifle too much."

Burton followed Sesnik down the length of the bar. Sokolny had passed out across the table.

"You must not be too severe on the poor fellow," Sesnik pleaded. "It is a terrible thing to have three teeth out in one day. We were having a quiet drink or two and suddenly he was out of control. I have been very worried."

It was clearly Sesnik who had made the man drunk. Burton cut through the bland explanations. "Too bad," he snapped. "I'll take over from here. You can stop worrying."

He signalled to a waiter and together they got Sokolny to a cab with Sesnik waddling behind like an anxious shepherd.

A young man stood among the curious spectators on the pavement as the cab drove off with Burton and Sokolny. He was the loungeer who had stood in the doorway after Anna's note was delivered.

Sokolny was late for work the next morning, but the night out seemed to have done him good. He was less nervous, more cheerful. He apologized to Burton. "I must have given you a lot of trouble. I owe you much gratitude. I had the wrong impression

about Mr. Sesnik. He is a nice man." "How many drinks did he buy you?"

Sokolny's gaze faltered. "You must understand, sir, it was just a friendly occasion."

"I understand. He filled you full of liquor and tried to pump you. He asked you about Trovic, didn't he?"

"But I know nothing of Trovic!" Sokolny was insistent. He protested again and again, and Burton was reassured. Sokolny was telling the truth.

"All right," Burton said. "I want to find out some more about this new escape project you dug up."

Sokolny looked scared. "It is impossible, sir. The people behind it will know that Sesnik has been there."

"How can I get in touch with these people?"

"I cannot tell you that. I cannot."

Sokolny shook his head. "What is this nonsense?" Burton asked harshly.

"It is not nonsense." Sokolny struggled to assume a thin dignity. "I have been thinking. If a watch should need repairs there is a good man on the Breclun Quay, four doors from the Alexis Bridge. The name is Dovinye, Emil Dovinye. He speaks French, but no English."

Burton stared. The involutions of the native mind still puzzled him.

"What do I do to get to see Dovinye?" he demanded. "Just walk into the shop and say how do?"

"No. It will be necessary to take my watch to him." Sokolny began to undo the buckle of the wrist-band.

Burton stopped him. "Leave it," he said. "I'll borrow it when I need it."

Determined to see that there was no further interference with the man before Anna had a talk with him, he took Sokolny out to lunch.

A few minutes past five, a messenger arrived with a report from the Ministry of Planning. It was without warning. It was important. It had to be dealt with at once, and it was of formidable size.

"You'll have to work late," Burton told Sokolny. "Make an extract of the

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general statistics and then pick out the principal points in the engineering section. That's what we're interested in. Don't fuss with your translation. I'll bring Anna in to check. Between the three of us, we'll get a cable away tonight. Lock the door of the outer office when I've gone. I don't want to have you interrupted."

The sky at dusk looked heavy with a threat of snow, but Burton judged that he would be back in town with Anna before a storm developed. He picked up an auto-cab a few yards from the office building.

Anna met him inside the gate of the ruined garden. "I heard the car," she explained. "I thought I would save time. My father gives you greetings and asks to be excused. He is engaged with a friend."

It seemed to him that she was eager to get him away from the house, yet she was in a good mood, free, for a moment at least, of the anxiety he had seen in her the previous night.

Snow was falling when they reached the outer suburbs and it was coming down heavily when the cab finally pulled up outside the office.

He hurried Anna across the pavement and returned to pay the driver, his shoes crunching the snow.

Anna was waiting at the foot of the stairs. She was the respectful secretary again, serious and composed.

WHEN they reached the door, he knocked. If Sokolny had followed the instructions, he would have fixed the latch so that it could be opened only from the inside.

He knocked a second time, then tried his key. It worked.

The lights were on in both offices, but Sokolny was not visible.

Burton hesitated on the threshold. An intimation of danger came to him, like an obstacle in his path. He turned to glance at Anna, and, meeting her gaze, saw alarm in her eyes.

"He must have gone out to eat," Burton said.

"Someone has been here," Anna observed, pointing to the floor.

There were little pools and drops of water on the parquet; melted snow from shoe welts or a hat brim. Someone had trudged through the storm, then hurried up the stairs.

The planning report was on Sokolny's desk and a stack of copy paper showed that he had been busy on his translation.

Anna said: "It hasn't been snowing very long."

Burton crossed the room and halted in the doorway of the inner office.

Sokolny was there. He was seated at the big desk with head and arms in a sprawl across the leatherette surface. The posture was ridiculously like that into which he had fallen at the Metropole, but this time he was not drunk. He was dead.

To be continued next week

LIFE WITH FATHER



Here is the missing person from the photograph on page 26—Bobby Howes, studying a score with his daughter, Sally Ann Howes.

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FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter one extra Answer to any one, two or three Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues XWORD 837

- The knocks at one are only to be expected
- Several kinds of ring are associated with one
- Many pages may end up as
- Even if you look through them carefully, you often can't tell what is happening
- You may think there's nothing in one
- Grip of one is inclined to grow less and less
- One can't overestimate their value to us

Down Clues

- They can easily be spoilt by the way they are cut and gathered
- One is first of all judged according to its heaviness
- This is something to be played
- Can be so disagreeable in the office that work suffers
- Such a pet is rather apt to get more fussing over than is good for it
- In many households a morning help actually means
- It's a pity to spoil one
- Hold-up in city traffic is occasionally due to one passing

CORONATION CAKES EXCLUSIVELY FOR XWORDS

1	O	O	R		5	B		L	4	L
5				6	B	O	O		S	O
	A	7	H					A	8	B
	R	E		9	H	E	N			
10	P	A			E	S			N	
							11	P		N
				12	O	P	A	L	Y	A
					I	C	E		E	A
					T	O		13	W	A
15	E	X	P			R	T	S		837

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Puzzle and form strictly copyright 837 Closing Postmark MON., MAY 18

I enclose P.O. value No.

Signed

Address

HIS WORDS CAN HELP YOU TO £500!

HERE is Mr. R. Murray, a transport worker who lives at 11 Breda Parade, Belfast. He is going to celebrate Coronation year by marrying in August and setting off with his bride on a honeymoon tour of Europe.

How can he manage such a celebration? Because, about two years ago, he set out to show that anybody who can think can win in *Bullets*. Now, having already won nearly a hundred small prizes, he has just banked a £500 First Prize cheque for his simple but thoughtful entry: FALLING TO BITS—WORLD OF BROKEN COMMANDMENTS?

If you are making your first *Bullets* this week, with an eye on a £500 cheque in time for Coronation Day, look back at that prize effort and take a practical hint from it. Do you see why Mr. Murray carefully chose for his *Bullet* the word "broken," not such words as "forgotten" or "unheeded" which would have meant the same? If you realize why "broken" was the one apt word, you have proved that you can make a £500 *Bullet* for your coupon below.

"SEASON" as BONUS

A *Bullets* Season Ticket accompanies each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

HOW TO WIN

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. To use an incomplete Example, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

Prosperity's Feast
Our Way Of Life
Peacemaker Ike
First Things First, So
Woman, The Deceiver
Pessimism's Poison
Sign Of The Times
Coronation Souvenir
Eagerly Awaited
At The Flick Of A Switch
Friendly Policeman
Horrorified
Somebody Moved And
A Dead Loss
Man In The Kitchen
Cars, Buses, Bikes
Rolled Up
Auntie B.B.C.
With The Lid Off
Coming To The Surface

Incomplete "Examples"
—see instructions

The Cost Of.....
.....For Herself
The Bookie's.....
Too Good To Be.....
If He's Not.....
As The.....Went Past

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

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EXAMPLE	6d.
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EX.	6d.
B.	
EX.	6d.
B.	
EX.	
B.	
EX.	
B.	
EX.	
B.	

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Set fruit in jelly in ring mould. Turn out when firm. Make creamy, richly-flavoured Bird's Custard. When cool, spoon into and around the jelly ring.

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